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Gilbert Pennington
the gift of his Papa on his
thirteenth birthday
20th September 1865.

Christmas at the Hall,

The Hero's Grave; Night Musings,

And other Poems,

BY T. J. TERRINGTON,

Author of "WELTON DALE," etc.

"And verses vain, but verses are not vain."
SPENSER.

London:
LONGMAN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN.
Hull:
JOSEPH W. LENG.

PR
5599
T48c

To

Samuel Wilderspin, Esq.,

The Founder of Infant Schools,

The Promoter of General Education,

And a Friend of

Liberty and Truth:

This little bolume is affectionately inscribed by his

Son-in-Law,

The Author.

1033383

Christmas at the Hall, &c.

Preface.

The author of the present volume has had for many years an intense and almost insuperable bias towards poetical composition. This has often been restrained rather than encouraged; but particular circumstances, that need not here be detailed, have from time to time compelled to the cultivation of the propensity, and made him desirous of striking out, if possible, a path into the literary world, or at least trying to ascertain his real strength in that arena. Nearly twelve years ago the poem of "Welton Dale" was written for such a purpose; but a want of self-confidence, and a perhaps unnecessary fear of unfair and severe criticism, acting on a sensitive temperament, caused it to be withheld from publication. As stated in the preface, its recent issue resulted from a conversation with the Hull Publisher, having especial regard to the printing of the present work; but had it been foreseen, at the time of writing, that it would have met with such a favourable reception as it has so far done, undoubtedly it then would have been given to the public.

This book was mainly written, and is issued solely as an experiment, to see how far criticism and public feeling may adjudge the author to possess poetic talents, which, if properly cultivated and

assiduously applied, might be capable of producing works of a useful character and beneficial tendency. Fame is a secondary consideration with him, and he only desires it as an indicator that another sphere of usefulness and suitable occupation may be before him; for he has the feeling strongly, that if this publication should in whole, or in part, meet with encouragement, approval, and hopeful criticism, he should perhaps not be very long in producing something of a higher and more permanent character. The origin of "Christmas at the Hall" was simply a desire to link together into one piece, a few separate poems on different topics and in different metres, so as to manifest versifying acquirements; and it was thought this might be done in the form of a Christmas family party, as well as in any other mode. It was begun at the close of last September, and amid many interruptions, concluded at the commencement of the present year; but when the first half dozen pages were written, the author was as little aware of precisely what would follow as the reader will be when he has proceeded no further. "The Hero's Grave" also was written during that period, and intended to be done, a considerable time before the Laureat issued his Ode on the same subject, or it was even thought that other writers would be sure to take up the theme. The series of sea-pieces commencing with "Dane's Dyke," were composed during the early part of last autumn, and "Night Musings," nearly a year previously; shortly after which the other small pieces alluding to Christmas, and several of the sacred poems were written. Thus it will be seen that the chief bulk of the volume is of recent composition; but the rest of the pieces bear various dates, one or two of them going so far back

as almost twenty years. Considerable time and diligence have been expended in revising the whole whilst passing through the press; but most probably some typographical and minor errors have escaped notice, which may be avoided in future, should the writer happily be called upon to gain yet further experience in authorship.

In the lower grades of nature, instincts and propensities seldom miss of their aim and accomplishment. But with man this is not always the case; and therefore the author places little confidence in those deep yearnings and instinctive longings to be a poet, which from time to time have, uncalled for, possessed his mind; particularly as in other things during past life, he has had to experience, like many other people, much disappointment, and much of that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." It is not often that he has given utterance to these aspirings, and the only three pieces set apart to them ever composed, are inserted together, under a full confidence that they will not be mis-read, but taken in the spirit intended. The last one, "Love of the Lyre," page 176, originated thus:—The writer was seated in Dane's Dyke one "balmy day of" August "weather," composing the lines that bear that name, when so pleasing, so congenial was the occupation to his inmost nature, that he could not but turn aside from the work, and give utterance to the new feelings prompted—the little piece literally burst forth from him. The remark may be needless, but the lines on Wilderspin were composed long before the writer had any notion of possessing that relationship to him which he now so happily holds; and he sees no grounds in this for suppressing them. They were a

tribute, during the early period of first acquaintanceship, which but feebly conveyed the deep sense then entertained of the excellence of his improvements in education, as shewn in his "Infant System," and his arduous and devoted labours in furthering them as recorded in the "Early Discipline."

In conclusion, if I am not worthy to follow, even at a great distance, in the wake of those

"Bards triumphant born in happier days,"

I have no wish to do so; but if the present volume merits encouragement, and still further, if it offers hope and expectation for the future, I trust such will be given me, so that I may have firmer grounds for devoting myself diligently and assiduously to the Muse, in order, if possible, to rise to something better,—a work that would, indeed be to me, a "labour of love."

Lister-Street, Hull, March, 1853.

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Ring out the old, ring in the new,
  Ring happy bells across the snow:
  The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

* * * *

Ring in the valiant man and free,
  The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
  Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson.

Christmas at the Hall.

The morn was gloomy, and the russet earth
Gave to the eye a landscape drear and dim;
The clouds, low hung, seemed resting on the hills
Fraught with unusual weight, and cast around
Deep shades of blackness o'er each swelling peak,
By leafless woodlands clad; along the vales
The farmsteads glimmered, and the fields around—
Some grey with stubble, some with scanty grass
Pinched yellow by the cold, and some dark brown,
Where recent ploughshares had turned up the soil,—
A varied scene presented to the eye,
But sombre all, and sad. Not that the earth
Hath aught of sadness, but at all times gives
Some beauty to the mind, e'en when the smile
Of sunshine and fertility least glows
On her rich countenance, for then she speaks
In tones prophetic to the heart, and tells
Of secret strength preparing to bring forth
The gifts and bounties of another year.
The hollow wind moaned wildly through the trees,
And waved their solemn branches to and fro
In endless motion. Scarce a single leaf,
Scarlet or golden, olive or red-brown,

Adorned the forest, save where gloomy firs
Stretched their red arms, or melancholy pines
Reared their tall pyramids of foliage black,
Filling the dusky scene with deeper shade,
And adding darkness to the clouds of heaven.
The naked branches of the hedgerow elms
Lashed wildly round, and threatened to cast forth
The jetty masses of the old rook nests
Lodged midst their topmost twigs. The withered leaves
Coursed swiftly o'er the ground, and danced about
In strange fantastic coils, and eddies wild
Like whirlpools in a river. Heaven and earth
Foretel a coming storm, that soon will clothe
The naked landscape in a robe of white,
Until it shines more beautiful and pure
Than fleecy cloudlets o'er the sun-bright sky.

How calm and peaceful, e'en amidst the gloom,
The simple village looks! With aspect south,
From a hill-side of mild declivity,
It gazes sweetly o'er the meads below,
Through which a winding river, o'er mossed stones,
Makes pleasing murmurs. All the cottage roofs
Are clad with rustic thatch, and round their doors
In summer time, the climbing plants creep up,
And make sweet scented bowers. A garden-plot,
For use and beauty, is assigned to each,
Which industry's firm hand, by pleasing toil,
Arrays in loveliness so rich and bright,

It seems a nook from paradise. But now
In tidy order they await the spring
To make them bloom again. Amongst the trees
That rise in stately tiers above the roofs,
Along the hill-side steep o'er steep, the smoke
In light blue wreaths, from every chimney curls
With ample convolution, giving note
Of snug warm hearths, and comfortable homes
Where winter is not feared. The lattice-panes
Shine clear and bright, and to each flitting ray
Give keen reflections, whilst their cheerful glance
Bespeaks the reign of cleanliness. O'er all
There broods an air of quiet and content
Of peace, of plenty in that lowly sphere
Where heart meets heart in pure simplicity
Unchecked by station, and unchilled by wealth.

Oh that the earth of such calm homes were full!
And such fair villages adorned the plains
In countless numbers, where the labouring poor
Might live respected, and respect themselves!

Who is a hero,—he who daily fights
The fearful hosts of poverty and want
With industry's strong sword, and wins the spoils,
The honourable spoils of raiment, food,
And kindly shelter to make glad all hearts
Around his hearth. No stately cenotaph
Of costly stones is to his honour reared,
But yet he owns a richer monument,

Built up of kindly thoughts within each mind,
That justly thinks, and loves the really great,
The honest and the true. How much of good,
One being can perform, whose heart delights
To see all prosperous round! And here dwells one
Who scatters blessings with a liberal hand,
Directed wisely by a mind discreet,
That seeks the greatest good. He strives to give
Employment to each hand, and due reward
To each that labours. With new thought to swell
The poor man's stock of knowledge, that his work
May yield a richer harvest; to instil
Instruction varied on his craving mind,
That it may be matured, to bear the flowers
Of pure and simple pleasure; and the fruits
Of profit and utility. To sow,
To plant, to prune; to plan, frame, rear, and build;
To watch the seasons, to enrich the soils,
And do unnumbered things to multiply
The simple comforts of their quiet homes
Have each been taught. And still a higher lore
Has thereunto been added; that which tells
Of man's immortal destiny, and seeks
To elevate his thought to higher good
Than earth contains, and holier principles
Than this world's maxims; that the heart may love
In just equality each fellow-man,
And bow with holy reverence and joy

Before the throne of Light; and thus become
More pure and happy, and a citizen
Of higher worlds whilst sojourning on earth.
And who is he who wisely ministers
To all the wants of poor humanity,
Each in its kind, and strives to scatter round
Throughout his sphere the purest happiness
That earth can own? Sir Arthur, at the Hall!
To him belong the fertile acres round,
To him the village; but he holds them not
In pomp and pride and narrow selfishness,
But as a man amongst his fellowmen,
Knowing and feeling that his hand hath power
To curse or bless, and with determined heart
He chooses blessing. With an eye that beams,
As with parental love, he looks on all,
The young, the old, and with a kindly voice
Speaks words of warm encouragement; or gives
The needed counsel, or the calm rebuke.
His words are ever welcome; e'en the churl
Who meets reproof, does so in quietness,
Straight thinks thereon, and turns him to amend.
All look upon him with respectful love
And firm devotion. Never hero bold
Of ancient feudal times, who led along
His faithful vassals to the battle field,
To crown them with renown, and win proud fame,
Was e'er encompassed with such fervent hearts

And such dependent zeal. He leads them on
To purer triumphs, conquests more benign;
They overcome not to spread round them tears
And misery and death. The wars they wage
Are with the stubborn soil; the wreaths they win
Are fruits and flowers. The triumphs they attain,
Are over ignorance, and want and sin,
Which bring their meed of pleasure and of peace.
The old Age had its heroes, and the new
Must have its heroes also. Men of thought,
Of knowledge and of skill, whose ample minds
Are armories of wisdom to supply
The need of lesser minds, and lead them on
All strong and mighty to the coming war
Of truth with falsehood. Times have greatly changed;
And errors and traditions growing dim
Flicker like fleeting mists Their power is gone,
And hearts are yearning for the morning beams
Of pure, unsullied truth! When will arise
The mighty Prophet, radiant with light
To lighten nations; to lift up mankind
From petty sects and systems, groveling thoughts,
Vain dreams, false policies, and bring them forth
To bask serenely in truth's cheerful light
United into one? Man's heart hath hope,
By prophecy upheld, and though he long
Hath tarried for it, nigh two thousand years,
Yet now the dawning seems to streak the east,

All things are stirring, slumberers awake,
And watchers peer into the rising day!
Thus much in passing! Ere we enter in
That antique Hall, more fully to attain
A knowledge of its owner, all whose acts
Are works of goodness, and whose pure life breathes
The spirit of rich charity: We'll trace
A ready path across yon meadow-field,
To where, in solitude and calm repose,
The village church rears up its ancient spire
Above surrounding trees. Its antique walls
Are softly tinted by the hand of time
With varied hues, all chastened and subdued,
But exquisitly beautiful. Each arch,
Each massive column, and each window quaint,
Compels to thoughts of long-passed, hoary days
And human ancestry. Oh where are they
Who reared that tower, and they whose voices woke
The first deep echo from those sacred walls
By sounds of holy minstrelsey? And they
Of generations, each succeeding each,
Through the long current of a thousand years,
Down to the last whose bones were hither brought,
And o'er whose grave of brown and roughened soil
The grass hath not yet crept? "They sleep in dust,"
"They slumber in the ground"—'tis thus we speak,
And by such speaking we in thought forego
The glorious truths of immortality;

The birth-right of the soul! What sleeps in dust?
What brought we here to slumber deep in earth?
The living spirit or the soulless clay?
That thing of thought, that seeing, hearing mind,
That living active being first had fled,
And left its husk rejected. This alone
Was hid in earth, to veil it from the sight
Ere severed by corruption, part from part,
And scattered widely to the winds of heaven,
Or cast abroad through earth. Then let not thought
Stop chained below, or buried in the grave,
But bearing upwards, as with eagle flight,
Behold earth's habitants assembled all,
Contemporaneous in the spirit-world,
The great, the grand receptacle of life,
Where all live unto God, for he is God
Not of the dead but living. Each one there
Is gathered to his fathers, not of flesh,
But of the spirit. Like is linked with like,
The pure with pure; the evil, filthy, vile,
Are with their fellows. As the tree has fallen
So it lies. Oh contemplation great,
Sublime and aweful; yet enriched by hope,
Where faith is strong in God's Redemptive love,
And knows his Providence, from evil brings
A birth of good. The sorrows, pains, and cares
Of outward life, oft deeply work within
To purify the spirit, and exalt

To holier thought and feeling. Let none then
Pass judgement on his fellow, but in love,
And fitting charity. The inward life
No human eye can read; or what that life
May yet bring forth. Then let us judge ourselves,
And looking round on things that make us mourn,
Console our spirits with the glorious truth
Christ hath not died in vain! Though in the grave
The spirit lies not, and the form of clay
Is soon dispersed amid the elements,
Yet in the church-yard, or the place of tombs,
Fraught with mementos of the ancient past,
Our thought is strengthened, and the links re-bound
That join us to the dead. We there revive
Old loves, and sweet affections, purified,
Refined, and softened; and go forth to life
More calm in spirit, and with brighter hopes.
The threatened storm advances—snowy flakes
Fall thin and waving to the half-froze ground,
Then slowly melt. They soon in quick descent
Must seek the earth, and whirling densely down
Shut out the landscape, and array the scene
In gorgeous raiment of unsullied white.
But 'ere this chances 'twill be well to seek
The hospitable shelter of the Hall,
And gain a certain welcome. Christmas-tide,
So full of joy and open-hearted love,
Finds there a liberal reign. But do not think

A few more steps will bring us to some seat
Of wealth and stately grandeur, whose high lord,
Just scatters round his superfluity
And blesses as by chance. No marble walls,
No colonnades, no proud magnificence,
Have now to greet us, but an antique home,
Not spacious, but of ample size for all,
The needs and elegance of cultured life.
Far down yon avenue of noble limes,
That spread their leafless branches broad and free,
You may behold it. Pointed gables rise
And straight tall chimneys rear themselves aloft
In strange variety, and by their forms
Bespeak a mansion that for centuries
Has held a worthy hearth. Though winter broods,
The park around looks beautiful, and shews
The strictest neatness, and incessant care;
For many hands here labour, not alone
To please the owner, and delight the sight,
But that they each by honest work may gain
An independent home, and eat therein
That sweetest of all bread—the justly earned!
And though Sir Arthur has a taste refined,
A sense most delicate, a mind alive
To every beauty, native or of art,
It is not merely to regale this taste
That such pure elegance and order reign,
But rather that his feeling heart thereby

May spread a due prosperity around
Through every grade, and thus he strives to give
Unfailing work to all within his sphere.
Before the mansion a broad terrace spreads,
By steps ascended, and quaint balustrades
With pillars, globes and urns, engird it well.
And in the centre, most grotesque of form
All richly carved, a massive sundial stands
To mark the hours. Most ancient horologe
That gives a tongue to nature, and compels
The mighty sun to measure out the time!
Below the terrace, on a velvet lawn,
There stands a fountain, where a cherub boy,
Carved in white marble, beautiful as life,
Holds proudly high a waterlilly's bell,
Whence springs a copious shower of silver rain
To drop in music, mid the pool below,
And fill the air with murmurs. Here and there,
In open spaces, or mid spreading trees,
Pure statues stand, or elevated busts
Of men renowned, whose mighty deeds or songs
Have blessed mankind. Nor is there wanting here
Some sweet embodiments of Grecian thought
And ancient fable. The bright water-nymph,
Pure as the fount; or that enamoured youth,
Who gazed for ever in the crystal well
Entranced by his own beauty. Clumps of trees,
Some in the hollows, some upon the knolls,

Give rich variety; and through the dell
A winding river sweeps, now polished bright
Like some fair mirror, and anon in foam
As beautiful as snow, from dashing down
A rocky shelf, or gushing o'er mossed stones
With playful freakishness. Thick woods enclose
The outskirts of the park, with frequent breaks,
Through which the sight, well pleased, may wander far
O'er distant lands, and view the soft blue hills.
The quaint stone carvings, round the massive porch,
Along the gables, cornices and sills,
Have lost their sharpness, softly moulded down,
But not defaced, and time-tints cover all
With pleasing richness. O'er the once bright brick
Grey hues are dappled, and give harmony
That blends the building with the ancient oaks,
Planes, beeches, chesnuts, whose outstretching arms
Give shelter and protection. Entering in
The lofty vestibule, the eye perceives
A mixed array of ancient armour, swords,
Pikes, shields, and banners, antlered heads of stags,
Brave hunting horns, with arrows, bows, and spears,
And other relics marking the career
Of different ages—freeborn forest life—
The reign of chivalry—bold sporting days—
Down to the quiet of the present time
Of peace and fireside comfort. Many rooms,
To link the present with the past, unchanged

Retain their ancient fashion, some are framed
To modern elegance in style and form.
Ancestral thoughts! they fall upon the mind
Like twilight shadows, or the first fresh dews
That cool the earth! As some soft pensive strain
Of mournful music, heard at sombre eve,
Recalling early joys, so they recall
Dim visions of the vanished. Who can pace
An oaken old apartment, dim with years,
And not re-people it again by thought
And bring the past before him? Youthful forms,
Arrayed in early beauty, mid the joys
Of feast and dance and song, who soon became
Themselves the parents of a race as bright,
And passing onwards to life's calm decline,
In honourable age, with aspect mild,
Sat hoary-headed by the hearth to watch
Their children's children act again the sports
That once were their delight. The voices heard
In olden times, within such walls, no more
Will echo softly there, but virtues bright
May be re-copied, or revive again
As fresh plants spring from seed. The great, the good
Might thus become immortal on the earth
Beyond their immortality of fame,
And live a second deathless life enshrined
In thoughts and deeds of men. It is the pride,
The true, the noble pride of ancestry,

When man, on his forefathers looking, strives
Their virtues to re-build within his soul,
And make their goodness his. Thus would he bear
Their shield with honour, and their heraldry
By undisputed right be justly his.

Such is the aim of some, and here dwells one
Whom honour thus engirds. The portraits hung
Upon his walls, Sir Arthur views with pride,
But 'tis a pride whose inmost life is formed
Of deep humility. Such words are weak
To truly tell its nature! Joy he feels
That such men were before him; deep desire
To copy out their merits, and adapt
Their sterling virtues to the present age;
And linked with this a sense of feebleness,
Of unattained perfection, chastens down
All exultation, and to gentleness
Subdues his mind. Where'er he comes, his eye
Is bright with pleasure, and pure joy to greet
Each he esteems a friend. His silver hair
Twines thinly round his brow, whose high expanse
Reveals keen intellect; upon his cheek
The hue of healthy age; and that calm smile—
If such it may be called—which ever plays
Like autumn sunshine on the countenance,
Where pure benevolence and holy hopes
Possess the heart. It seems a thing of heaven,
And hath on earth no antitype but when

Some lovely infant, in life's early bloom,
And calm sweet innocence, in slumber lies,
And smiles amidst its sleep. Yet firmness too,
And dauntless energy, possess his soul
With mighty perseverance. Naught can turn
His steady purpose when assured of right,
Or warp him to the wrong. Yet soft and bland
His manner, and the utterance of his thought
To those who differ. No harsh words destroy
The harmony of truth, or proud looks mar
Its beauty to the hearer. Like to one
Who, mid spring sunshine, sows prolific seed,
He gently scatters round improving thoughts,
And leaves the soil to raise them into life
According to its nature. Thus he wins
The love of all, and the unfeigned esteem ;
For those whose maxims are opposed to his
Respect his firm opinion ; held they see
In deep sincerity ; with deference due
And fit regard to independent thought,
And moral freedom in all other minds.
'Tis not alone amid the villagers
This influence beneficent hath wrought
With elevating power. We might speak
Of public life, and more extensive spheres
Of thought and action, did the time permit
And were occasion fitting. But as now
For some few happy days we dwell amidst

The circle round his hearth; and at this time
Of social joy, and glad festivity,
'Twere better far to give a picture bright,—
Were but my pencil equal to the task—
Of that calm happiness, that tranquil joy,
That interchange of mental pure delight
Which here prevails, and which has risen up
Like some rich harvest neath the fostering care
Of such a parent, whose example spoke
More loudly than his precepts. But ere this,
A few quick sketches, of the chief events
That marked his life, and helped to mould its form,
Shall now be made—though feeble to portray
The bright reality, or give life and form
To inward workings of the subtil mind.

Sir Arthur was the sole surviving child
Of him whose name he bears. The other sons
And infant daughters passed away from earth
Like fruit-tree blossoms, beautiful and brief
In their career. The tablets in the church,
Recording ancestry through ages past,
Record as briefly the short time betwixt
Their birth and death. Thus he alone was left
The living centre, where the fervent love
Of two fond parents, could condense its rays.
From budding infancy, the tender care
And sweet affection of a mother's breast,
Filled his young heart with tenderness. In youth

A father's wish, and more ambitious love
Gave each advantage, and secured each means
That could advance in life. A home so fraught
With kind indulgence, and where every wish
Within the bounds of reason was fulfilled
Almost as soon as framed was not a school
Best fitted to prepare an active mind,
To struggle boldly with the ills of life,
And combat with its evils. But their love
Rose higher in its grade, than that which thinks
Alone of ease and pleasure and delight.
It far preferred a future happiness
To present joy; and sterling moral worth,
With intellectual wealth, and mental strength,
As man's chief earthly good. And hence it came
That when his young mind had imbibed at home
Ennobling principles and pious thoughts
To give it strength, their faithful love forewent
The pleasure of his presence to secure
The sterner discipline of school, and bring
Those precepts into action. With an eye
Of keenest vigilance, and heart of care,
They watched his progress, and with rich delight
Beheld the fruits of their unwearied love
Swell into promise. Here he learned to feel,
As one amongst a many, and to know
The limits of his rights, and thence regard
The rights of others. Being much beloved

Amongst his playmates, for a truthful heart,
An amiable temper, and due skill
In many boyish sports; to which was joined
Inventive talent, ingenuity,
Mechanic art, by which was aptly framed,
Things strange and curious, and thus he gained
A fame for intellect, and soon became
A leader of his fellows, whilst his days
Passed on in peace and happiness serene.
When youth was verging into man, he went
To college, that severer discipline,
And study more intense, might build his mind
In knowledge, strength, and vigour. Honours due
Where soon awarded, and he home returned
Well nurtured to take part in public life,
And serve the state whene'er it might require.
The time of leisure had employment due
In lighter studies, caring the estate,
And welcome visits to the nobles round,
That ever won such friendship and esteem
As time could not revoke. Amid the fair,
The lovely and the beautiful, to him
One shone more lovely, fair, and beautiful
Than all the rest; as shines the evening star
Above the brightness of the other round.
Wealth, station, grandeur, shed their gifts on her
And all their rich endowments. In her eye
There beamed the light of pure and gentle love,

Whilst in her heart the modest virtues dwelt
Calm, soft and feminine ; a woman she,
"A perfect woman"—one whose form of soul
Was framed for union with the heart of man
To be its solace, to restore its strength
When wearied with the world; to pour the oil
Of rich affection on the wounded soul,
To heal the spirit, to revive the mind,
And with angelic ministrings restore
To life and health again. Such sway when reign
The storms of trial and adversity,
But through the calm and balmy days of life,
To make his home a temple, and his hearth
An altar, where for ever glowing bright,
The flame of gentle and enduring love
Sheds its clear beams around, and burning fair
Points sweetly up to heaven. When first his eye
Beheld this loveliness, he felt within
A new life waken, and the life gone by
Seemed but a heavy dream. Bright hopes, glad thoughts
And richest feelings stirred within his breast
In joyous tumult. Solitary hours,
And woodland musings, nursed the passion sweet,
Until that Being had become the star
Of his life's destiny. In hope, in doubt,
In strange conflicting turbulence of soul,
He sought, he sued, he won. One blushing word
Of sweet consent from her pure modest lips

Turned all to peace again, and more than peace,
To ecstacy and rapture! Earth seemed changed
To paradise, and heaven above him shone
With brighter radiance. Happy fled the hours,
All swiftly bringing in their golden train
Their brightest and their best, the hour to seal
This bliss for ever his. The bridal wreath,
The fair attire, the pure attendant maids,
And all the pomp and pageantry that tells
The joy and gladness that awaits the bond,
And consummation of a holy love,
Were each prepared. When ah! the fearful change
Awaiting mortal destines! A cloud
Spread its black shadow o'er this sunny scene,
And from its bosom, thunder-charged, sent forth
The shaft of death! A sudden illness seized
The young and beautiful. Her bridal train
Wept o'er her bier. And he who should have led
A bride in triumph from the altar, strewed
Sad flowers on Ellen's grave, and with a grief
Tearless, consuming, in its mighty strength,
Himself seemed death-struck. Agony intense,
Dark desolation of the inmost soul,
And dread prostration of its sympathies
He long endured. The light of life to him
Appeared for ever gone; the glorious earth
Bereft of all its beauties. Cheerless, lone,
He felt as in a desert; naught in life

Could win his spirit to activity,
And social links seemed severed. Soon again
His footsteps rested on the gloomy verge
Of the dark sepulchre. The voice of death
Called that fond parent, who with gentle love
Had nurtured his weak infancy, and she,
With heavenly meekness, listened to the call,
And softly passed from life. He who had sat
Beside the self-same hearth, when auburn hair
Curled round her brow, till now bright silver braids
Adorned her aged forehead, missed the look,
The fair, the placid look of time-tried love
Illumining his home, and though his soul
Held calmest resignation, yet he pined
With secret longing to rejoin in heaven
She who had been an angel on the earth,
In purity and gentleness. The sun
Had scarcely circled round the seasons ere
His spirit's prayer was answered, and he seemed
To melt from time into eternity,
So peaceful was his end. Thus left alone,
And of all nearest earthly ties bereaved,
A double desolation, cast its gloom
On Arthur's wounded heart. Though wealth was his,
Titles and honours, they retained no charm
To soothe his broken spirit. In the prime
Of early manhood, just emerged from youth
When life is full of promise, life to him

Had scarce a promise left. Home scenes, beloved
From early childhood, and endeared by thoughts
Of warm affection, only served to pierce
His breast with deeper pangs. In vain he sought
To cast aside his sorrows and arouse
The slumbering energies of mind to snap
The gloomy bonds that fettered. Efforts vain,
Attempts abortive, drove him forth at length
An exile from his country, in the search
Of unknown scenes, whose aspects new and strange,
Could not recall dark visions of the past
To fix them stronger on the memory.
In foreign lands, mid mountain peaks sublime
And desolate rocks, he sought companionship
And soothing solace. Nature's placid face,
Her calm, her stillness, and her solitudes
Wrought with an healing influence. The song
Of ancient bards, the clear historic page,
Called forth his spirit as the years fled by
From inward cankering. The face of man,
The voice of friendship, and affection's smile
Again had light for him. But in his heart
There was a hollowness, a fearful void
That naught could fill. The power of love seemed gone,
But yet his soul, yearned ardently for love,
With unquenched thirst. No more could Beauty's smile
Or her bright glances, kindle in his breast
A living warmth. He would have given worlds

To feel its vital strength revive again
The life of his affections; and to pour
Their freshness on some sweet responsive heart
Linked into one with his. This seemed denied
To him for ever. But the discipline
Of sorrowful years, and agonising thoughts,
Built up within a grandeur of the soul
And purified his spirit. Feelings deep,
Expansive views, and sympathies enlarged,
Had hence a birth. More elevated thoughts
Of human life, and human destiny,
With all its strange vicissitudes arose;
A brighter faith in providence; and hopes
More calm and cheerful; lifting thought beyond
Time's narrow bounds; to see existence stretch
Far on in realms immortal; and a faith
That pierced the clouds of evil, and beheld
The light of Goodness shining bright above
With vast extense of ray. A loftier life
Seemed now within him, and a cheerfulness
Illumed his countenance; yet like some bold
And dauntless hero, whose deep wounds were healed,
He yet retained dark scars. Life now for him
Revealed some pleasures; and its duties gave
In their performance, solace and delight,
But never more could he have hoped to gain
That freshness of the heart, that warmth of soul
Which glows in faithful love. He oft had sought

To wake such life within him ; but he strove
In vain, in vain! Though years had passed away,
He seemed as doomed to carry on through life
A solitude of soul. Returning home
To his paternal mansion, greetings kind
And cheerful welcomes waited him. With firm
Determined spirit, he resolved to fill
His life with deeds of usefulness, and spread
Some happiness around. Whilst thus employed
The days grew brighter, and the hours fled by
On wings of cheerfulness. Upon the hearth
Darkness yet brooded, and a shadow there
Sat undisturbed, and, as he thought, for ever!
Alas for human life, how oft its hopes
Are vain and fruitless! yet the truth to add
Its fears are oft as vain. Forebodings dark
Have no fulfilment, and the things we dread
Are changed to joys and pleasures, like a night
Of storm and tempest that brings forth a morn
Of radience and beauty. Thus employed
In deeds of charity; all thoughts of love
For ever laid aside; Sir Arthur's life
Passed smoothly onwards, as some stream whose course,
Though clear and lovely, is o'erhung with shade
Of forest boughs, and feels not the full warmth
Of glowing glorious day. As oft a turn
Abrupt and sudden brings the river forth
Along the open plain, a change as bright

Awaited in his destiny. The hour
Of restitution had arrived, and soon,
Amidst the maidens beautiful and fair
That passed before him, moving not his heart
To deep pulsations, one, amidst the train,
Lovely as moonlight on the summer sea,
Awoke a mystic sympathy, and called
To life renewed, the throbbings of his breast.
Her form was beautiful, her eye was bright,
And rosy blushings tinted o'er her cheek
With softest dyes. But yet the beauty there
Sprang chiefly from the spirit, whose pure light
Illumined every feature. On her brow,
Lofty and polished, intellect sat throned
In mild dominion. Modesty's fair beams
Arrayed the countenance; and holy love,
Benevolence, and purity of soul,
Shone forth with living radiance, and threw
Celestial lustre round her. Gentle, mild,
And bland of manner, calmly she withdrew
From observation like some pale spring flower
That woos the lonely shade. Her aspect wore
The touch of sorrow past, that beautified
And made it still more lovely; like the sky
Revealing fairer hues when summer clouds
To earth have fallen in refreshing rains.
Her heart had known the depths of agony,
And care and anguish. In that deadly strife

The soul had conquered; and she stood on earth
With spirit chastened, purified, subdued,
And strengthened by the conflict. Her light step
Had something saint-like, as, with upward look,
She trod the earth; and her soft mellow voice
Bore music in its tones, as rich and deep
In all its modulations, as if caught
From distant echoes of angelic song.

How strange are human sympathies! and all
The subtle secret workings of the soul
That link us to each other. Oft we meet
Some unknown being, and short converse gives
A knowledge as of ages; then again
Long years of converse cannot bring our minds
In unison with others. We may live
In friendship, kindness, gentle amity,
But yet our hearts are conscious of a power
Preventing inmost union. This is seen
Oft in the intercourse of man with man;
But still more oft, though not less wonderful,
Of man with woman; chiefly where the love
Is pure and perfect, from the inmost mind.

Two beings now, whose spirits were prepared
For union with each other—though each thought
Such thing could never be—together met,
And scarce had met before they felt within
An inward prompting, instinct of the soul,
That their two lives were destined to run on

In one united course. Passion for them
Had lost its fiery power and heedless rage,
And burnt with steady flame. Like summer morn
From rosy twilight, with expansion calm,
Unfolding into day, such was the course
Of their unsullied love. Their hands were pledged
With hopeful promise, 'ere few moons had passed;
And 'ere the seasons once had circled round,
Before the altar of yon village church,
Fraught with old memories of wedded love,
The happy pair confirmed their truthful vows
With sacred sanction. Joyous was the day
Through the glad village, and the ancient Hall
Was filled with loud rejoicings. All things wore
An aspect of rich promise, e'en the sky,
As if in sympathy, shone forth with light
More clear and radiant. The early sun
Rose with keen splendour, and at eve he set
In pomp of gold and crimson. Fleecy clouds,
With rainbow colours, graced the burnished vault
Of heaven's cerulean azure. Day declined
In hues prophetic of succeeding days
As fair and bright, and sweetly shadowed forth
As by an omen, calmer life had dawned
And happier seasons for that wedded pair.

We may grow old in heart, 'ere old in years,
And share age-wisdom, 'ere its glory-crown
Of hoary hairs hath sanctified the brow.

Whatever stirs the inmost depths of soul,
Arousing thought and feeling, calling forth
Life's strongest passions, rearing into strength
All free-born energies, more swiftly brings
A full maturity than passing time
And common life experience. Thus were taught
These inmates of the Hall; and thus had learned
To look on life with more discerning eye,
Regarding its true aims, its happiness,
And noblest objects. They had felt and found
Earth's purest pleasures, dwell in social love
And sweet serenities of home, and not
In gaudy pomp and pageantry and show.
Hence with united aim they sought to rear
To loftier growth each faculty and power,
Each thought and feeling that could beautify,
Enrich and sanctify the homely hearth.
The joys of wealth, its dignity and power
Were not despised. The grandeur it confers
Had due appreciation; but the strength
It lends the hand to scatter blessing round
Was thought its noblest privilege. To give,
With generous freedom to the mild demand
Of true necessity, was deemed delight;
But not to scatter with a thoughtless hand
In very wantonness of teeming wealth,
And think such bounty charity. They knew
The richest benefit their aid could give,

The most enduring, most replete with joy
And noble independence, was the means
To all who sought their aid and sustenance,
To help themselves, and by their native power
Rear their own weal. Such prudent practice spread
That peace and comfort, cheerfulness and joy
Amidst the peasants, and around their homes
Threw comliness and beauty; whilst it gave
A richer harvest for the scattered seed
Of generous gift, and made a little wealth
Produce more goodness and true happiness,
Than fortunes lavished with imprudent zeal
And indiscreet deficiency of thought.

Sir Arthur had just passed the middle term
Of "three score years and ten," when full of hope
Renewed, and cheerful thought, with joy he led
His fair bride from the altar. Every day,
As time rolled on, gave precious proof that hope
Was not unfounded. Brighter grew each hour
Of his expanding life, whilst now he found
The strength of purpose, and the joy of heart
A kindred spirit gives; as thought with thought,
And feeling with deep feeling, swiftly rose
With sweet coincidence in either breast.
And thus their path of life ran smoothly on
Unvaried in direction, like a stream
Whose waters pure had hitherto been led
Within two separate channels; but anon

In peaceful union joining, henceforth pass
Straight onwards o'er some sunny, flowery plain,
To mingle with the ocean. Not that life
For them was destitute of cares and tears
And piercing sorrows; but those fearful pangs,
That tear the heart, and lacerate the soul,
No more were theirs; and having known of such,
And borne with resignation, fortitude,
And hopeful patience, now the lesser ills,
The common pains of life, struck not so deep
Nor with so fell a shock, as arrows glance
Aside from sturdy breasts in armour cased,
And shake not by impinging. Round the hearth
Their richest joys were clustered. Oft at eve,
In converse sweet, enriched by love's dear tones,
The hours fled gladly by, as on the wings
Of woodland birds rejoicing. Now the muse
Of history would unfold her living page
And make the past the present; and anon
Some work of fiction, writ with moral aim,
Would stir their spirits, as with truthfulness
It shewed the workings of the human heart
And uttered wisdom whilst it gave delight.
Full oft the music of the poet's page
Would spring to life again: his numbers sweet
Translated into vocal harmony, and thoughts
Transcendent, eloquent, impassioned, bright,
Revealed by living lips. Thus noble minds

Of bygone ages, or of modern date,
Moulded their spirits to a lofter thought
And more exalted feeling. Kindled thus
In kindly concert, to like sympathies
And deep emotions, their united hearts
Grew to more strict similitude, and beat
More perfect in their unison. A bliss,
So calm and sweet, so purely of the soul,
Enriched their life, that earth to them resumed,
Full oft, amidst its shadows and its clouds,
A radiance as of primal paradise.

Twice had the sun's benign prolific ray
Enrobed the earth with harvest, since the hour
When bridal peals made all the village glad,
And gave a mistress to the vacant Hall,
To dwell there in her beauty, when again
The old bells uttered forth as rich a strain
Of heart-arousing melody. A Son
Was born to carry down that ancient line
To future generations, and all hearts
Rejoiced in sympathy with that glad hope
Which swelled each parent's breast. The passing years
Gave now a daughter, and anon a son,
Till six fair children filled that home with glee
And childhood's happy laughter. Each grew up
From innocent sweet infancy to days
Of blossoming youth. The elders now have reached
Life's prime maturity, and one alone,

Fair Edith, ranking fourth in age, hath been
Translated to the heavens. One spring hath passed
On its gay flowery path, since earth received,
When twenty summers had adorned her brow,
Her mortal vestments, and the spirit fled
To the bright regions of immortal life.
The first-born bears his father's honoured name;
Matilda, Alfred, Eva, and Lucrece,
Mark out the rest, and each one duly shares
In nature's gift of beauty. Mind and form
Are of the highest, and amidst them all
Great likeness and great difference prevails,
Giving a oneness with variety,
Like forest trees of diverse branch and leaf,
Or sweet flowers intermixed in form and hue.
Oh! what a change, beneficent and fair
Some thirty years have wrought! The vacant hearth,
Deserted by its owner, lone and drear,
Is now illumined by the happy looks
Of many radiant faces. Stillness deep,
And mournful as the charnel, brooding there,
Is now exchanged for music far more sweet
Than harp or viol; voices breathing forth
Affections purest tones, rich words of joy,
And sprightly laughter from the gladsome heart!
How rich the happiness Sir Arthur feels,
And how enhanced, when with the dreary past
Contrasted. His unfolding lot in life

Seems like a plant, whose form in winter months
Lies buried deep in earth, but in the spring
Puts forth green shoots, expands its swelling buds,
And through the summer multiplies fair flowers
All beautiful in sunshine. Grateful thoughts
And holy aspirations, crowd his breast
And give a blessedness, a joy, a peace
Not often known on earth. As every child
Was ushered into life, his heart enlarged
With love's divine affections. His delight
And steady aim was to prepare each mind
For usefulness in life, for well he knew
It was the shortest path to happiness:
To mark each talent and each faculty
In its first opening, and to bring it forth
By fitting cultivation; to supply
Of intellectual food the purest, best
And most ennobling; to rear into strength
Each moral purpose, and direct the will
To loftiest objects; and above the rest
To elevate the heart by cheerful hopes
And prospects sweet of immortality,
'Till fervent love, and reverent piety
Glowed in each breast; such was the constant mode
Of teaching he pursued, and such he taught
By precept and example, till the lore
Sank deeply on each heart, and every child
In its own individuality, gave birth

To noble fruitage, that repaid this care.
By such tuition it was sought to mould
Their minds to power and strength: but to refine
And add due elegance, the finer arts
Of music, painting, poetry, and song
Were called in aid; and to unbend awhile
And give free recreation, every taste
Had due scope granted—some were left to rear
Fair flowers to beauty; some sought far and wide
Things strange and curious, to store them up
For full inspection; others tried at will
The powers of elements, mechanic force,
Or laws of nature, by experiment
Renewed and oft repeated. Every hour
Had thus its full employment, every heart
Some worthy object, and the day fled by
On cheerful wing, for every mind was gay,
Filled with delight by pure and useful thoughts.
All evil is perversion of the good
Through wrong direction, or by foul excess!
How gaily skips the lambkin in the field
Mid sunshine and bright daises. How the fawn
Bounds light and gladsome o'er the grassy slope
Exulting in existence. Insects wing
Their wondrous measures, music-timed, amidst
The golden twilight. Health and vigour flow
From this activity. Then needs not man,
Whose strength is fretted by the cares of mind

As well as toils of body, to renew
His wearied spirits by the livening joys
Awaiting on the dance? Whene'er prolonged
To midnight hours, immodestly pursued,
Or borne to weariness, a thing thus good
Transmutes itself to evil. But not so
Was it perverted at the Hall. Sometimes
When weariness of mind forbad the strain
Attending mental efforts, music's sounds
Distinct and marked, would summon to the dance
Amid the social circle, or at times
Of friendly meeting it would oft afford
Sweet interchange of pleasure, intermixed
With cheerful converse, modulated song
Or sound of instrumental harmonies.

The power of competition oft unfolds
A latent genius into richer growth
Or more energic action. To bring forth
Each talent to full strength, Sir Arthur sought,
Amid his household, to stir loving strife
And friendly rivalry, by calling all
To execute some task of art or skill
In one department.—Now to picture fair
Some view from nature, or by fancy's aid
Create a scene of beauty. Now to strive
On their respective instruments, to give
The richest utterance to the magic notes
Of some inspired musician; and anon

To choose a song, each one to private taste,
And then to execute with utmost skill,
And see who won, by free consent of all,
The palm of willing praise Thus each was brought
To shew some excellence, by right their own,
And feel that they contributed a share
To mutual joy and benefit. 'Tis thus
Mankind are aided by each others skill
And nations linked by wants in turn supplied.
Of all the arts that elevate mankind,
Refine their feelings, and exalt their thoughts
From gross and base conceptions, Poesy
Must reign pre-eminent. It is the next
To inspiration, and almost divine.
From human nature's inmost depths it springs,
And blends the will and intellect, till both
Give forth their life with strange intensity,
And seek to live incarnated in words
Through many generations. To the terms
Of daily life and common intercourse,
It gives new strength, and o'er their rudeness breathes
Rich music and soft beauty. When the soul
Is sublimated by poetic thought
And raptured feeling, no unnumbered words
Can give fit utterance, but it seeks by song
To tell the harmonies that reign within,
And visions bright reveal. The poet's page
Is as a casket, wherein he has hid

The treasures of his heart. The talisman,
The magic key which can alone unlock
Such sacred jewels, is a mind attuned
Responsive to his own. Where this is not,
His book becomes a blank, and sordid breasts
Can find no beauty there. How happy they
Whose finer spirits can with joy perceive
The luscious sweetness of the poet's song,
Partake the grandeur of like noble thought,
And feel entranced with him. The gains of gold,
The pomp of life, the pride of circumstance,
Can ne'er convey such pleasure to the heart
Or give a bliss so pure. To her high bards
The world owes much, and more than oft is thought.
'Tis not alone that they have lit the fires
Of sacred poesy in other breasts,
And taught young bards to touch the lyric strings
To sweet, though meaner music; but the might
Of their high thoughts hath kindled in the souls
Of statesmen, warriors, sage philosophers,
And all earth's greatest emulative thought
And nobleness of heart. Whene'er the world
Neglects sweet poesy, and dis-esteems
The songs of bards, her holier life burns dim
And flickers in the temple, and the voice
Of prophets may send forth the cry of woe!
Oft when the spirit hath been deeply tried
By grief or love, or disappointment stern,

A healing balsam hath the poet's skill
Sent forth to soothe such smarting wounds of soul
And still their fearful throbbing. Melodies
Of mournful music, breathing from the heart
A vital sympathy, have given strength
And healed a kindred sorrow; till at last
The unstrung chords within the shattered breast
Have been retuned, and every note restored
Could sound a richer music than before!

Thus was it with Sir Arthur; and the lays
Of ancient bards were blended with his life
And wrought into his being. On their songs
His heart was nourished in his hour of woe
Till strengthened into joy. With reverence deep
He now beheld them, and their subtle power
To give delight, and elevate the soul
By ministries of pleasure. Now he sought
To wake in others, a like sense and taste
To relish their chaste beauties. From its birth
He strove to open in each child the spring
Of freshly flowing poesy. The book,
For his chief teaching, was the glorious scenes
Of ever-verdant nature; sunset skies;
Soft floating clouds; umbrageous forest shades;
Bright stars or flowers; the splendour of the noon,
The gloom of storms; the gorgeous pall of night,
Were each a lesson, that with double power,
Taught Piety and Poetry. Fair twins

And loving sisters are they! sent to raise
Mankind to higher purity of thought
And holier purposes. With cheerful smiles
And love reciprocal, they, hand in hand,
Oft journey on together, noting well
The true and beautiful in all around.
Whilst Poesy points out the fair and bright
The pure and lovely, Piety will lift
Her hand aloft to indicate the Source
Whence such sweet visions spring; then both rejoice
With kindred raptures, and with keener zest
Seek fresh occasions for exalted praise.

With hearts thus moulded from their early years
And tutored into song, each one hath gained
Some small perfection in the gentle art
Of linking thought with verse. This Christmas eve—
A season dedicate to showing forth
Their loving strife by works of utmost skill—
To grace the festival, each one must bring,
By former compact, an original poem
Wrought out in solitude, from private thought
And inward feeling, so as best to shew
The individual heart. By privilege
Of ancient friendship, from our boyish days,
And love as that of brotherhood, I've come
To join the circle by Sir Arthur's fire,
Partake his hospitality, and share
The social converse round this happy hearth.

Oh Christmas, what a host of sacred thoughts
Come thronging at thy name! The mind is filled
With holy visions of our human loves
Exalted and refined. The charities
Of daily life, of kindred and of home,
Glow warmer 'neath thy sway. With hasty flight
The mind runs backward to more ancient times
And simpler manners, when the pomps of life
Had wrought not such division, but the heart
Of man met that of man, and all rejoiced
As in one brotherhood, at higher hopes
And brighter prospects, given to the earth
By Him who made it. Round the blazing fire
Each family assembled, must'ring all
Their nearest kindred; whilst with social love
And hospitable cheer, mid dance and song
And mirth and minstrelsey, the hours fled by
With joy and brightness, leaving on the heart
A glow more warm than autumn sunshine throws
On corn-clad uplands. Plenty filled the barns,
And teeming stores gave birth to grateful thoughts
And heavenly musings; whilst sweet carols sung
Took up the burden of the angels' song
Of "peace on earth, good will to man," and made
A holy joy pervade the sportive glee.

To grace the season, at this ancient Hall,
The feast is held, in the most antique room,
And largest it contains. With wainscoting

Of polished oak, and carvings rich and quaint
The walls are clad. Along the ceiling run
Strong oaken beams that oft each other cross,
Dividing all into compartments square,
With pendents hanging down, adorned with gold
And flower-like wreathings. Pannels here and there
Are filled with pictures, where some classic piece,
Or ancient love tale, gives to modern eyes
The thoughts and feelings in the heart of old.
The noble hearth spreads wide, and glorious flames
Roar up the chimney, as if wild with joy
And laughing at the bitter frost without.
Amid their light the yule-log huge burns red,
Diffusing round a warmth that seems to reach
The very heart and make it happier. Boughs
Of laurel, fitted to entwine the brows
Of heroes, mingled with all evergreens
The season yields, in gay and rich festoons,
Or proud bouquets, adorn the walls around.
The holly, with its grey-green crumpled leaves
And berries bright as rubies, shoots red gleams
Like sunset through a forest. Mistletoe,
The choice of Druids, with its slimy balls
And mystic branchings, fills the pensive mind
With memories wild and weird. All things are here
To link thought to the past; all emblems full
Of rich memento, giving to the heart
Sweet impulses, the while the village bells

Peal their glad music with the same deep notes
That struck the ear long centuries ago.
The group assembled owned the mystic power
Of these associations. Ancient rites,
Time-honoured customs, and the cheerful sounds
All sacred to the season, gave delight
That brightened in the countenance. Not one
But felt the mind o'erflowing with rich thoughts,
And stirred with deeper feelings. But on earth
Pure joy can never reign, whilst death can part
The loved and the beloved. And as around
That smiling family the Father glanced,
And saw one vacant chair, a tear bedimmed
His eye for his lost daughter. On the brow
Of her fond Mother, resignation sat
In peaceful calm, that gave a purer tone
To every word and look. The lively band
Of sisters and of brothers, though the heart
In youthful freshness hath a buoyant spring,
Amid their songs and merry laughter, shewed
Their spirits dwelt on Edith. Converse sweet
And mutual interchange of sprightly thought
Passed on the hours—such hours as leave the mind
More full of love and charity, and gleam
With starry radiance o'er our path of life
When viewed in retrospection. Intervals
Of song or music would beguile the time
And make the moments sweeter. Verses framed

By some skilled poet breathing truth and life,
Where raised to loftier power by the voice
In melody's deep tones, transmuting them
To heart-enchaining songs. Sweet instruments,
Diverse in sort, combined their varied notes
In dulcet harmonies, and made a stream
Of music as delightful to the ear,
As to the eye a gorgeous bank of flowers,
Where richly mingled every size and height,
And hue and tint, combine their lovely forms
To make the fancy, at the splendid scene,
Straight dream on paradise. The evening's feast
In rich abundance shewed the liberal hand
Of hospitality. Rare viands, meats,
With varied wines and drinks, o'erspread the board;
But chiefly those which custom, ancient right
And use ancestral, have with willing heart
Devoted to the season. Flowing thought,
The play of merriment, the flash of wit,
Enriched the banquet, whilst o'er all there reigned
The sway of Temperance. She, with cheerful smile,
Gave each enough, the while a graver look
Forbad excess, and by this healthful rule
Increased the gladness of the social meal.

The dearest friends and closest kindred formed
Alone this meeting; such as would delight
To hear the strains of poetry brought forth
By Members of that household, and not deem,

With chill austerity, and critic scorn,
Their bringing forth an effort at display.
Cheered by the pure repast, and seeking now
Some other source of pleasure, all the guests
With one consent proceeded to demand
The promised boon—for boon in truth 'twas deemed,
And held on promise too, since last they met
To celebrate this season. In the course
Of varied conversation on the art
Of poesy, the skill required to make
Words run in music, subjects fit to frame
A song of beauty, desultory talk
On power of language, criticism just,
And kindred subjects; it was then proposed,
Half jest, half earnest, that Sir Arthur should,
With each one of his family, present
A poem as portion of the Christmas feast
When next they met. With merry laugh from all
The challenge was accepted, and the scheme
Of reading then laid down: Sir Arthur first
Should bring forth his production; then the sons
And daughters, each in order of their years,
Should offer theirs; and to conclude the scene,
The Mother chose, with modest diffidence,
To rank the last. Now seated round the hearth
In one vast circle, with the sparkling eye
Of expectation, and the eager glance
Of curiosity, the group are ranged

To have the plan fulfilled. The ruddy glow
Of blazing faggots gives the cheek of youth
Redoubled beauty. As the firelight smiles
Throughout th' illumined room, its lustre falls
On looks more cheerful still. The lively warmth
That fills the sprightly air, now clear by frost,
Diffuses gladness, and a cheerful sense
Of home-born pleasures—purest of the earth!
Delighted with the scene, as one he loved
And prized beyond all price, Sir Arthur brought
Without delay, his manuscript, and read
In tones that shewed the utterance of his heart,
To auditors attentive, what he'd named—

The Social Hearth.

How oft man looks for happiness afar,
Amid loud tumult, or the din of war;
O'er foreign lands, through distant climes, he'll roam
To win that pleasure he may gain at home.

Here does the error in its root begin;
He seeks without when he should search within,
And strive to see included in his breast
The seeds of happiness, the germs of rest.

All bounteous nature upon man doth shower
Her gifts of pleasure, with more equal dower
Than we, dim-sighted and unwise, discern,
But by due effort we the truth may learn.

In the charmed circle of the cheerful hearth
Life's purest pleasures, richest joys have birth;
Where heart meets heart with confidence serene,
Truth smiles in brightness, Goodness rules benign.

How calmly sweet, how soothing to retire
From pains and toils to peace beside the fire;
Whilst round the blaze, true-hearted friends are met,
In whose gay converse we all care forget.

The merry laugh, the simple playful jest,
The soul of gladness in each look expressed,
The wit retorted, and the temperate mirth,
Are like rich sunshine glowing o'er the earth.

Fresh thoughts imparted, truths unknown before,
In freedom given but increase our store;
And each kind feeling with prolific reign
In kindred breasts is multiplied again.

When song or music elevates the time,
The homely dance or poet's lofty rhyme,
All feel their pleasure and delight increased
By each partaking in the social feast.

When thus we mingle, how it will impart
Feelings more kind and noble to the heart,
Increase its warmth by love unknown before,
And where it has loved, make it love the more.

The sacred psalmist strung his harp to tell
How goodly 'tis in harmony to dwell ;
E'en like the ointment poured upon the head,
That to the skirts of priestly vestments spread !

Oh ! ne'er should scandal, or detraction mean,
Or words unkindly desecrate the scene ;
But all with pure sincerity conspire
To strengthen friendship, fan love's holy fire.

If thus we meet—if thus in peace unite,
And make each home a temple of delight,
Our hearts will tell us there is not on earth
A place more sacred than the social hearth.

As this sweet strain of poesy came forth,
All felt its truth and beauty. It described
The pleasures now enjoyed, and but portrayed
Such scenes of innocent and social glee
As often filled that room. The feelings pure
Therein expressed, the higher tone of life.
The sweeter charity, unfolded clear,
Was but a transcript of that law which ruled
The spirit of their Host. Whene'er the life
Is tuned accordant to the poet's song,
And all his actions manifest his lays
The offspring of sincerity, how great
How wonderful their power ! And not alone

Its truthfulness was valued; but the skill
In poetry its melody displayed
Surpassed expectance. Each delighted guest
Felt curiosity within him rise
To know what subject would compose the next,
And how it would be treated. Arthur then
Was called upon for his. With roguish look
He begged them all to guess the theme he chose
To render into verse. Some thought it War,
Some Peace, some Honour, some Heroic life,
Some Solitude. At last a venturous voice
Whispered it might be Love. The simple word
Gave birth to pleasant smiles. When does it not?
To old, to young, to those of middle years,
It aye comes welcome. Those who have not known
The power of love, with curious longing hope,
Still wish that they may know it. Those who feel
Its present sway, if they but hear its name,
Have sacred visions to their fancy brought
Of certain curling locks, bright eyes, sweet smiles,
And forms to them angelic. Those who've past
That passion's mysteries, recall with joy
The season of its sway, and dote to see
Young hearts just flitting o'er the selfsame net
By which they were entangled. Is not this
A picture of the truth, all ye who bear
The hearts of warm humanity? The smile
Was not diminished when the heir confessed

Such guess was near the mark. With steady voice,
And gravity maintained by effort firm,
As conscious that the subject well deserved
High thought and lofty sentiment, he gave
A quick recital to a lyric piece
Entitled simply—

Passing Thoughts on Love.

The ancient poets sang a love
  Whose spell of wild and fiery power
Ruled men below, and gods above,
  And conquered in its burning hour.

The wine-cup's rich delicious draught
  Ne'er maddened more the reeling brain,
Or filled the heart so full, when quaffed,
  With ecstacy akin to pain.

Then like a dream it passed away,
  A fervid vision of the night,
Till some bright beauty's potent sway
  Awoke again the fierce delight.

Such might be passion's wayward course
  That flashes like the lightning's gleam;
But ne'er was love, whose fountain-source
  Sends ever forth a constant stream.

True love is like the stars on high
That shine with undiminished ray,
And glows all warm and fervently
As does the splendid orb of day.

Naught but the beauty of the soul,
Arrayed in virtue's peerless dress,
Can pure love waken, or controul
The bosom with its loveliness.

It is the glorious bond of life
That joins two kindred souls in one;
And when they meet, amid earth's strife,
The same bright path they journey on.

Heart yields to heart a living strength,
And thought to thought increase of light,
Until their happy days at length
Well nigh partake of heaven's delight.

'Tis not the high and manly brow
Enlinked to beauty's witching charm,
Can make such deep-soul'd passion glow,
Or keep it from decay and harm.

The pure in heart, the pure in thought,
Alone such inward union gain;
And by the law in heaven wrought
Such souls can never more be twain.

Alas! for earth where love is sold
For station, honour, pride, and power;
Bartered for fame, betrayed for gold,
And often scarcely lasts an hour.

Yet some there be who do partake
A measure of this love divine;
Then such deep love, for love's pure sake,
Oh may I own, or none be mine!

The smiling look, and cheerful playfulness,
Continued through the piece. But many found
A loftier element pervade the song,
And deeper sentiments than they had deemed
Indwellers of such theme When he had done
He cast around a furtive glance to see
The influence of his verse. All faces wore
A look of bland approval. One alone
Hung bending down, as if to mark the bloom
Of rosy flowerets in the rich bouquet
That beautified her bosom. Did her cheek
Catch deeper crimson from their loveliness
That made it glow so brightly? Sooth to tell
There was a hue like that of sunset clouds
Which fluttered sweetly there. It might be caught
By strong reflection from those happy flowers
Which hung upon that breast; or it might spring
From thoughts still happier, nestled warm within,

Whose stirring motions made the pure blood flow
More freely o'er that cheek. Were such the truth,
It might betoken sympathy of soul
With those high sentiments, and with the heart
That gave them utterance. Young Arthur long
Had deemed her beautiful, and she to him
Had moved a star of light; but mutual words
Of loving import had not yet revealed
Their hearts unto each other. With a glance
Of quick delight, like to the lambent flash
Of summer lightning, he beheld that blush,
So meek and rosy, and with instinct true
His soul divined its meaning. With a word
Of rapid whisper in Matilda's ear,
He bad that sister hasten to bring forth
Her promised verse; whilst he awhile withdrew
From the gay circle, that in solitude
He might indulge the overpowering thought
Which filled his raptured breast. His joy intense,
No words could tell; whilst now in soul convinced
That Emma's noble and susceptive heart
Was his for ever! Shortly he returned
With looks elate, and joys delightful glow
On his proud countenance. When he rejoined
His father's guests, his sister had not yet
Commenced her promised task. With timid heart
And shrinking feeling, she awhile forbore
In modest diffidence; for she was one

Of tender nature, of affections warm,
And delicately sensitive of soul.
Her truth of heart, and nobleness of thought,
Made her abhor all wrong. Her simple mind,
As clear as crystal, made her ever love
Simplicity in all things. Hence she chose
To frame a ballad of domestic scenes
And their endearments. In a gentle voice,
Replete with feeling, she began to read
A tale of rural life, of fervent passion,
That bore inscribed the humble name of—

Lucy.

Sweet Lucy, in the Pastor's house
  Had dwelt from early years,
The scene of all her childish joys,
  Gay hopes, young smiles and tears.

It stood beside the rustic church
  Engirt with noble trees;
A quiet nook, a calm abode,
  A home for rural peace.

Before its walls with roses twined,
  And ivy interlaced,
A lovely plot of cultered flowers
  The simple dwelling graced

A rustic fence, with lattice gate,
The sole dividing bound,
Between that garden, fair and rich,
And grassy graves around.

And here, an infant, free from care,
In summer's jocund hours
Glad Lucy played, as insect blithe,
Companion of the flowers.

To her, amidst the dawning blush
Of life's unfolding bloom,
The grave was not a thing to wake
A thought of pain or gloom.

Yet well it might—beneath the sod
Her parents both were laid;
The father ere her hour of birth
Was numbered with the dead.

Her mother, pierced with keenest grief,
Heart-broken with deep woe,
Scarce heard the little infant cry
Ere she departed too.

The babe, forlorn, compassion found,
Though kindred she had none;
The Pastor took her to his heart
And reared her as his own.

He childless was, yet with a soul
In children to delight;
To see the love he bore to this
It was a touching sight!

An orphan! O, the very thought
Brings tenderness of heart;
Then what must one so frail and young
To his pure breast impart?

'Twas like some holy vision fair
To see his glance so mild,
His hoary head, his moistened eye,
Bent over that sweet child.

How joyed he at the first clear sounds
Her infant lips could make,
And o'er the first free wandering steps
Her little feet could take.

His friend of life, his wife beloved,
In all felt equal glee,
And joined to rear the orphan maid
In truth and purity.

As feeling grew within her breast,
To them a love she bore
As fervent as an own child's love—
Yea warmer, deeper, more.

Yet were her parents oft in mind;
A holier thought was given,
And purer love to those she deemed
Her guardians in heaven.

What can so elevate the soul,
Refine its richest love,
As to be linked by kindred's ties
To radiant worlds above?

A mind so delicate and pure
In learning took delight,
And treasured up each noble thought
And deed with virtue bright.

But chiefly was the Sacred page
Engraven on her heart,
And did to her its lofty hopes,
Its joys, its peace impart.

Thus she who was his highest joy
In childhood's sprightly day,
Became the Vicar's cheerful friend
And aid in life's decay.

How graceful was her lovely form,
How rich her curling hair,
And her cheeks' hue like rosy beams
Of evening blushing there.

Her gladsome smile's delicious play,
Her eyes' entrancing light
Won sweet regard from every heart
And filled it with delight.

Such peerless charms! how could they fail
To rouse impassioned love?
And bind some willing heart in chains,
A captive loth to move.

Young Albert to the village came
And saw the maid so fair;
Then straight resolved to win her heart
A trophy rich to wear.

His manly form, his dauntless look,
His elegance of mien;
A voice that spoke in dulcet tones,
An eye with glances keen;

A ready flow of touching words
To tell a tender tale;
Must they not fire a maiden's soul
And make a suit prevail?

His words of love! as dew they fell
Upon her stainless heart,
And made it, like fresh fragrant flowers,
To loftier being start.

All simple, guileless, framed of truth,
It knew no frail disguise;
But let unchecked its passions spring
Its deepest feelings rise.

And oft at even-time they strolled
The rural lanes alone,
In converse deep, with kindred thoughts
And feelings blent in one.

Both nature prized, and took delight
In sunset skies and flowers,
And talking of all fairest things,
They wiled away the hours.

Naught can so swiftly light two breasts
With mutual flames of love;
As finding that all beauteous scenes
The same deep pulses move.

Pure, simple, Lucy, scarcely knew
Her heart's full passion won,
Until the idol of its hope
From her fond side was gone.

He bad farewell in gentle tone
And vowed with hasty breath;
Farewell, she cried, in truth's own voice,
"Albert! I'm thine till death!"

And such she was! but oh that he
Like faithfulness had shewn,
Then we upon her maiden grave
No timeless flowers had strewn.

He went and mingled with the world,
And learnt its sordid ways;
Till noble thought, and feeling true
Within his soul decays.

Then gold for love, and state for worth,
For truth parade and show,
His bosom prized, and soon forgot
His first-love and his vow.

Soon for him, and a maid of wealth,
Pealed forth the marriage bell;
But its gay sound assumed afar
A tone like Lucy's knell.

Soon as she heard—from her gay cheek
The roses swiftly fled,
And left fair lillies, pale and wan,
To flourish in their stead.

The lillies fluttered there awhile,
But lost their bloom with speed,
And withering swift, shewed on their root,
The canker worm did feed.

She calmly pined—all meek of soul;
The grief she strove to hide
Like poison wrought, and caused life's stream
To flow with feeble tide:

Just ere it ceased, with gentle voice—
All pain and wrong forgiven—
She said—I leave false earth to gain
Unfailing truth in heaven.

And now she in the church-yard lies,
And soon was followed there
By those two loving hearts who'd made
Her life their bounteous care.

In five green graves together ranged,
Their frail remains abide;
Her foster parents, and her own,
And hers, all side by side.

All ye who win a true heart's love,
Of faithlessness beware!
Go view that simple midmost grave
And learn a lesson there!

When she had ceased, the simple pathos shewn
In that pure song, had touched each feeling heart,
And some bright eyes were brighter for a tear

That gemmed their loveliness. A pause ensued
Of few brief moments, and then Alfred stepped
With freedom forward to impart his share
Of promised verse. He had but just returned
From college, where his studious hours were spent
With fervour most devoted, to acquire
An ample store of learning. He had found
Rich treasures hid amidst the ponderous tomes
Of ancient days, and with determined heart
He sought to make them his. A fervent love
Glowed in his bosom for their noble thoughts
And sentiments and feelings, and he gave
His hours with zeal, enthusiastic zeal,
To communings with them. Short time had he
To dally with the muse, or let the play
Of vagrant fancy interrupt his aims;
Yet in the festival he would take part,
And brought, as fittest offspring of his harp—

A Sonnet

To the Master-Minds of Earth.

Immortal bards, philosophers, and sages
Whose glorious thoughts have lit this darkened world
And raised Truth's banner, a bright flag unfurled,
To guide men onwards through all future ages
To liberty and peace. Upon your pages

My mind would pasture, as along the meads
The simple flock in innocency feeds,
Till nourished into strength. Through all life's stages,
In youth, in manhood, and in calm decline
At your clear fountains may my spirit drink
To quench her thirst for knowledge, to refine
Each feeling quick, and learn to nobly think!
Oh! much we need ye! ye bright stars from heaven,
And to our aid may thousands more be given!

Fair Eva next came forward to the task;
She was a joyous creature full of life
And health and beauty. In her rich blue eye
There was a light of gladness, and her cheek
Was clear and rosy as the flowers of spring.
Her step was free, as if the morning breeze
Were ever her companion, and each limb
Had motions graceful as the waving bough.
The love of nature dwelt within her heart
In all its aspects; but her chief delight
Was in the silver, sunny loveliness
Of noontide splendours, or the gorgeous scenes
All gold and crimson, when the day declines
And bids farewell to earth with kingly pomp.
On such she looked with ever-raptured eye,
Until their brilliance had imbued her soul
With joyous thoughts and bright. The theme she chose
Was one expressive of that cheerful tone

Which filled her spirit, and with mellow voice
She gave glad utterance to her—

Lobe of Spring.

I love the time when buds and bells
Hang fragrant in the woodland dells;
The primrose and the violet
On richest mossy banks are set.

How joyous when the warmth of spring
Invites the merry birds to sing,
And their sweet bowers of love are made
Amid the flowering hawthorn's shade.

Then robed in verdure, stately trees
Stretch their broad branches to the breeze,
Rejoicing in the glorious light
Of sun and sky, like silver bright.

Amid fair meads young lambkins play
Their sprightly games in pure array;
And insects sport on gauzy wing,
Live gems in sunshine fluttering.

Each rural scent, each rustic sound,
Enchantment lend the landscape round;
And every sight conspires to bless
My heart with wild sweet happiness.

I love the summer's golden reign,
And autumn's ripeness o'er the plain;
But to my spirit naught can bring
Such gladness as the days of spring.

For then I rove the woodland wild,
With heart as simple as a child,
And spend the pure fresh morning hours
Amid the breezes, birds, and flowers.

Reclining on some grassy seat
Within a leafy dark retreat,
I con the Poet's living book
Beside the clear-streamed stony brook.

Such calm seclusion strengthens thought,
And all His visions bright are brought
Across my mind, more fair and clear,
Mid scenes His spirit would hold dear.

I love stern winter's reign sublime,
Rich autumn, and sweet summer time;
But nothing to my heart can bring
Such gladness as the days of spring!

The blithesome tone of this gay melody,
This pastoral song, spread cheerfulness around,
And made all hearts beside the winter fire
Think hopefully of spring. Some moments passed

In pleasant converse; then Lucrece was urged
Her poem to recite. With gentle grace
And modest diffidence, she forward came,
Yet with becoming confidence, as one
Who knew, but did not over-rate, her powers.
She was a poetess by nature framed
And had a soul for song. Her flowing thought
Moved on in hidden melody, that gave
Each word expressive feeling; and her face
In every feature, witnessed to a mind
Of passions strong and pure. Her eye was dark,
And black, and eagle-like. It shone a star
By its own inward light; but o'er it hung
Silk, raven lashes, that subdued its blaze
But lessened not its power. Her lofty brow,
By its expansion, shewed a kingdom wide
Where thought might rule; and o'er her well-formed head
Rich sable hair, in smooth and glossy braids,
Displayed its shining beauty. Down her cheek
Some bright curls clustered, and amid their shade
There peeped the pearl-white lustre of her ear.
O'er her fair countenance the pallid rose
Assumed the precedence, and nigh subdued
Its rich and blushing sister. 'Twas the hue
Of thought spread o'er her features, leaving there
The marble's clear transparence. You might dream
She were a statue, did not feelings flash
Their radiance from her look, and mind's pure light

Float halo-like around her. Tall her form
And moulded into grace; each polished limb
Seemed full of life and motion; and her step,
Though light and agile, yet had stateliness
And maiden dignity. She older seemed
Than were her years, for eighteen summer suns
Alone had passed with ripening influence,
Her beauty to mature; but you might date
Her more advanced in womanhood, her mind
By its expansion, and the thrill of thought
And earlier strength of feeling, had impressed
Such semblance on her aspect. She was one
To whom the world was beautiful; but yet
Her mind had thirst for higher beauty still
Than met her waking vision. One to whom
The tales of old romance, and fairy lore,
And songs of chivalry, were needful food.
Each noble thought, bold deed, and virtue bright,
Found echoes in her breast; heroic acts,
Undaunted words, or patriotic love
Met sympathy with her. Creative thought,
Imagination's realising power,
Gave form and substance to the visions fair
That flitted o'er her fancy; abstract themes
Lost their elusive subtlety and gained
Embodiment and shape. And thus in truth
She was a poetess; and all her verse,
Though wrought from fancy's airy gossamer,

Had strength and life and strange reality.
She thoughts refined, and spirit-like could chain
In binding language, and give power and life
To evanescent sentiments. She chose
To frame a legend full of rich romance,
Such as we picture in the days of old,
When love was lofty passion—woman seemed
A more etherial being sent to tame
Man's rude stern heart mid glorious chivalry.
With thought concentred on the theme; with heart
Alive to changing feelings, and with voice
Deep, rich, and varied, such as well could shew
The latent beauty in a poet's song,
She read the story, not unfitly named—

Fidelio and Lenore.

Oh! Muse, inspirer of the old romance,
Sweet songs of chivalry, rich fairy lore,
Let thy deep influence through my spirit glance,
For I would vision forth a tale of yore,—
A legend of true love, that evermore
May in bright fiction to the mind display
The power of constant truth, to triumph o'er
The ills of life in all their dire array,
And how that virtue pure speeds conquering on its way.

But thus to sing my soul must be subdued
To softest tenderness and gentle thought,
And every feeling dissonant and rude
To full and perfect harmony be brought;
Whilst richest colours, from gay fancy caught,
Must paint the whole, and with their light illume
Well-chosen words, though seemingly unsought,
That run in cheerful music, and assume
Rich melodies of verse,—like breezes o'er spring's bloom.

No Muses haunt Parnassus' lofty mount,
Nor wander on by Castalie's pure stream;
Whose waters welling from their crystal fount
Blushed with the light of heaven's entrancing beam.
Mere glorious visions of a Grecian dream
Those Muses were! on them I call in vain!
And ye must all me most presumptious deem,
That such high prize I struggle to attain
As sing some wild romance, some sweet Spenserian strain.

The moonbeams shone upon the castle wall,
That rearing proudly from its native rock,
Gave back the accents of the torrent's fall
Which gushed below, as if to sternly mock
The wild rage of the river, whose fierce shock
Struck with the might of an eternal storm,
But yet impressed not the immortal block
Of massive adamant, that reared its form
Embattled midst the skies with turrets multiform.

And far around vast forests stretched their boughs
In one unpathed perplexity of shade;
Upon whose skirts the purple mountains rose,
As if they would the starry realms invade
With their titanic summits. Midst each glade,
And mossy valley, gently purling streams
Gushed rippling on, and in their windings made
Deep woodland haunts, unpierced by sunny beams,
Sweet bowers for purest love,—fit nooks for poet's dreams.

Here were rock-fragments clad with tangled moss
And crowned with wildflowers' gay and drooping bells;
Here trees majestic shot wide boughs across
To form vast arbours, or green leafy cells,
Amidst whose verdure coolness ever dwells;
And on the brook-sides' grassy banks arose,
Whose glossy richness in soft couches swells
To woo the student calmly to repose,
Or watch glad insects sport at days warm golden close.

O'er tower and turret, bastion, portal, keep,
The bright moon glancing with serenest smile,
Threw on their grandeur, mid the hours of sleep,
A sacred light that glorified the pile
And made it seem a vision. Calm awhile
And lonely, and in stillness lay the scene
Save tones of rushing waters, that beguile
The thoughts to them a moment. Now is seen
A knight's athletic form in armour's dazzling sheen.

Along the terrace, with majestic stride,
He onward passed below the highest tower;
And each step witnessed to the noble pride
That fills a warrior's heart—the sense of power,
Of free-born might, and fame's immortal dower.
His shield he had not, but his keen sword hung
Bright-jewelled by his side, and like a flower
His gay plume nodded, whilst he swiftly strung
A lute's expressive chords, and thus in deep tones sung.

Serenade.

Sweet Lady bright—Lenore! Lenore!
Oh! list to thy lover's lay,
Whilst the moonbeams shine o'er the forest boughs
As rich as the glow of day!

Oh! Lady fair—Lenore! Lenore!
My deep love to thee I'll tell,
For the secret founts of my heart o'erflow
Unlocked by the moonbeam's spell!

Oh! Lady kind—Lenore! Lenore!
Let my soul's impassioned tale,
With a heart so gentle and pure as thine,
In its truthfulness prevail.

Oh! Lady dear—Lenore! Lenore!
I have loved thee deep and long,
And I love thee now, and for evermore,—
Give ear to my pleading song!

Oh! Lady true—Lenore! Lenore!
Like yon constant stars above,
Or the changeless light of the sun's glad beam,
To thee is my fervent love.

Oh! Lady mine—Lenore! Lenore!
Would that I might call thee so,
In the faithful vow of united love,
Ere I to the wild wars go.

Oh! Lady love—Lenore! Lenore!
Might I have the rich delight,
To believe in thy dreams thou'lt think on me?
Sweet Lady—good night! good night!

The last "good night" rang sweetly on the air
When, from the casement of a turret high,
A white hand peeped, as beautiful and fair
As ever cloudlet on the radiant sky;
And to that love-song gave a sweet reply
By letting fall a flower—a flower which told
Of love's sublime delicious witchery
Within the heart. Hid in his scarf's gay fold
That boon to the wars he bore, more daring brave and bold.

The last rich scion of an ancient line
Was fair Lenore ; a lonely orphan, she
Dwelt in that Castle by the rushing Rhine
In days of tournament and chivalry :
A creature fitted to inspire the free
And noble passion of a truthful breast
And brave bold heart, whose inbred courtesy
And gentler feelings, would seek out a rest,
Mid valour's peaceful pause, in woman's love possessed.

Oh ! she was beautiful ! a thing of light
Of life, of gladness and unsullied smiles ;
A glorious being fitted to delight
By gentle manners, innocent sweet wiles,
And gay allurement, that full oft beguiles
The heart of sadness with its soothing power ;
Like sunbeams striking on the ocean isles,
And dissipating mists that on them lour,
Till all shine fair and bright in noon's resplendent hour.

Thus had her goodness won the noble heart
Of brave Fidelio, whose princely halls,
Broad spreading vineyards, forest lands apart,
And mountain-holds, stood nigh the blue Rhine-falls ;
Whose gliding waters pass the lordly walls
Of many a lofty castle, held by knights
Of power and state, but none there is who calls
More wealth his own, inherited by right,
Possessed in honour true, maintained by valour's might.

Whilst her heart's lord, mid Palestine afar,
In dauntless combat fought the Saracen,
To drive him from the land, where first a star
Revealed the Saviour to the sons of men,
And give its sacred shrines and sites again
To be a gladness to the pilgrims' heart;
The fair Lenore, with absent lovers' pain,
Sat all secluded in her bower apart,
And wrought rich tapestry bright, and handyworks of art.

Two years had fled since that auspicious night,
When music taught how deep the love she felt,
And bade her heart, with exquisite delight
Towards him who wooed her, tenderly to melt
In one brief moment; whilst she swiftly spelt
An unknown lesson from her burning breast
And prized the lore it gave; a truth which gilt
With sunset brightness all her thoughts, and blest
Her hours with musings sweet, her heart with richest rest.

But now her days were mingled with deep care,
And oft with agony and doubtful fear,
For of her true knight there no tidings were,
And as she thought thereon, the sparkling tear
Would drop from her blue eye, so bright and clear,
And sorrow's sadness heave her breast in sighs.
Intense she watched, but never there drew near
His stalwart form to glad her longing eyes.
Hark to yon minstrel's notes that waken her surprise!—

Troubadour's Song.

A wealthy knight to the wars went forth,
To fight for the Holy Cross;
But of all his goods in the sacred cause
He cheerfully suffered the loss.

He came to his native land again
Enriched with fame—but poor!
A truthful heart, and a strong bright sword
Formed all his earthly store!

He went like a troubadour, and sang
To his lady-love a strain
That told of his loss, and his heart's deep truth,
But she viewed him with chill disdain!

She knew it was he, but her sordid soul
Had loved for the wealth alone,
And she cast his high worth and his truth away
From her heart when that was gone.

"Ah! my Fidelio that is thee indeed!
"My heart can pierce thy troubadour's disguise;
"Oh do not make my faithful bosom bleed
"By such too cruel song! within me lies
"The woman's truthful heart that aye defies
"The frowns of fortune, the decrees of fate,
"And all the change in mortal destinies.
"How light to me the pomp of wealth and state;
"Thy truth and sword alone, make thee my fitter mate!"

How glad their hearts in that enraptured hour!
What joy they felt, what confidence serene,
And like the blooming of a glorious flower,
Deep thoughts came forth that never yet had been
Unfolded in their breasts. A peaceful scene
The future offered; but before the time
Their love had priestly sanction, valour keen
Advanced the infidel; with zeal sublime
The knight re-sought the wars—to stay he deemed a crime!

Nigh to that ancient castle of Lenore,
Within the forest, in a gloomy cave,
A vile enchanter dwelt, who oft of yore
Had worked deep mischief. Naught on earth could save
From his enchantments, when his soul would crave
And lust for evil; with such direful aim
He wrought his purposes. The bold, the brave,
The fair, the lovely, without ruth or shame,
He brought to ill. Pauvero was his name.

He was in sooth a most repulsive wight,
With matted locks, and sallow livid hue;
His red eyes glared as if in wild affright,
And lank, spare frame, seemed pinched by hunger blue:
Torn filthy rags he wore, that seemed to shew
The utmost want; for though he stole away
The wealth of thousands, yet he never knew
A benefit therefrom, but let it lay
Deep in a vast dark pit, all buried from the day.

Soon as the knight had left his lady fair,
He swiftly thought, by necromantic skill,
To win her wealth; and it to slyly bear
Away with him that wicked pit to fill.
Palled by the dark, with thievish pace and still,
He stole into that castle night on night,
Aided by imps and magic power, until
Its walls were stripped, its coffers emptied quite,
And naught was left for use, and naught to please the sight.

And further yet to shew his hellish spite,
He bore the lady to a noisome den,
And chained her there, all hidden from the light,
Beneath his cave, far from the haunts of men;
Of her bright garments he disrobed her then,
And clad in coarse vile rags, that not an eye
In such strange garb could recognise again
The maiden once so beautiful. A cry
Gushed from her tortured heart, but no true help was nigh!

When brave Fidelio from the fight returned,
He found her castle all in ruin stand,
Grey-mossed and broken-walled. His spirit burned
With agony's wild fire, as o'er the land,
Now desolate, he gazed; and with his hand
Held high to heaven, a sacred vow he swore,
To bring fit vengeance on the fiendish band
That wrought the ruin; for the wild scene bore
Marks of that wizard's blast, all withered, burnt, or frore.

"Sweet lady mine! where art thou dwelling now?
"That vile enchanter hath thee in his power!
"Oh! that thou could'st but hear my spirit vow
"To search earth for thee to life's latest hour.
"And though he hath deprived thee of thy dower,
"'Tis naught to me, for wert thou still but mine,
"I would not heed bright fortune's richest shower
"Or want's necessity, if still might shine
"On me that loving look, that radiant smile of thine."

He rushed impassioned to that forest dark,
To search each fastness for the wizard's den,
And seek if chance had left some trace or mark
To guide his footsteps to Lenore again.
Long days and months he sought with weary pain
And heart undaunted, but no track had yet
Been found to prove his quest was not in vain,
Till one bright evening, when the sun had set,
He stopped by a stony brook to hear its waters fret.

And as he lay upon the flowery brink,
Close by a wild rock that ascended high,
In dark despondency he 'gan to think
On those bright moments when his hope was nigh
Its rich fruition; and he heaved a sigh
Of doubt and discontent, and wished he ne'er
Had gone to th' wars again, or chivalry
Been his heart's choice; but soon he dashed the tear
Away, and sang to his lute these mournful notes—now hear!

The Melody.

Oh! Lady, thou star of my life, no more
Thy clear beams shine on me,
And sorrow hath shrouded my lone days o'er
Withheld from the sight of thee.
Lenore! Lenore! in the forest I cry—
Mere desolate echoes the sole reply!

My spirit is pining to hear thy voice,
My heart to behold thy smile;
How at the sweet sound would my soul rejoice,
Thy glances my woe beguile;
But despondency clouds each bright hope o'er
And thrills me with fear to see thee no more.

Oh! ne'er did I know till this fearful time
The depths of my love for thee,
Or proved the wild anguish my soul must feel
When thou art afar from me.
To my cry in the forest—Lenore! Lenore!
Echo seems but to answer—"no more, no more."

No balm to keen sorrow, by day I find,
No joy in the noonday light,
And but once mid my watchings and thoughts on thee
Sweet solace relieved me at night.
For I dreamt to the cry of "Lenore!" there came
A soft gentle voice that whispered my name.

Was it the last tones of his moving lay,
Reverberating from the rock behind,
Which gave that sound? He rose to pass away,
But 'twas repeated, and his startled mind
Heard feeble accents borne upon the wind
As from a voice, but hollow, faint, and low,
Like human wailings deep in earth enshrined.
Breathless he listened, whence they came to know,
And found them from a cleft, near that rock's haughty brow.

He swiftly climbed, and gained that fissure high,
Like some air-passage to a hidden cave;
He spoke aloud, and then a sweet reply
Unbounded gladness to his spirit gave:
"Fidelio! ah, I know thou'rt come to save
"Thy sad Lenore from this enchanter's power,
"And raise her joyful from this living grave,
"To be thine own, thy loved for evermore;
"My heart said thou wouldst come, and to despond forbore.

"But human strength can be of no avail
"To rend the vastness of this dungeon wall;
"Then seek the hermit, dwelling in the vale,
"Beside the eastern mount, and straightway call
"His wisdom to thine aid, for he can all
"The spells of magic by his skill destroy,
"And make the strongholds of enchantment fall;
"For naught so pleases him as to annoy
"Those powers of hell, and mar their fiendish joy."

Soon was that good and holy hermit found,
In his lone habitation far away,
And help implored. Said he, "Sir Knight, if sound,
"True, pure, and perfect, be thy love, the way
"To free the maid from magic's direful sway
"Is short and certain, but will try thy might
"Of heart and arm. Beneath where she doth lay,
"Through that hard rock, for full five fathoms straight,
"Thine hand must dig along, and mine thro' jewels bright.

"This having done, thou wilt behold a cell
"Of golden ingots, and large diamonds full;
"And laid thereon, a wand of power, to quell
"The might of magic and its spells annul;
"No more I utter! if thine heart be dull
"In its affections, or thy love untrue,
"And seek those gay gems round about to cull,
"Then thou thy daring enterprise wilt rue;
"But if thy soul be pure, then triumph waits on you."

The knight returned, and to his task applied,
With joyful heart and persevering aim;
No gold veins tempting in the rock's rich side,
Nor diamond treasures when he to them came;
He seized the wand, and, waving it, a flame
Of silvery brightness shone within the grot;
He struck the sides, and, answering to the same,
Around full tones of music seemed to float
Aloft in air, and soon appeared the Maid he sought!

When that sweet moment of entrancement passed,
They found themselves within a woody glade;
And hoards of glittering wealth around them cast,
Which to the Castle unseen hands conveyed;
And now that mighty fortalice displayed
No signs of ruin, but it stood erect
In all its former gorgeousness arrayed,
A noble building with a proud aspéct
Its enemies to daunt, its inmates to protect.

Bright was the morning, when that truth-tried pair
Their glad vows plighted to the sacred priest;
Brave banners fluttered in the mountain air,
Proud music floated, and the marriage feast,
By regal bounty and rich gifts increased,
Was gaily honoured through the realms around;
Nor yet for many days those pleasures ceased,
But they in castle, and in cot were found,
Making each spirit blithe, each joyous heart rebound.

The brave Fidelio in the Holy Land
Had won such treasures from the Infidel,
All by the might of valour's potent hand,
When in these last wars he had sought to quell
His arrogant power; that to his share there fell
Such mighty wealth as all his sacrifice
Of fervent piety repaid full well,
Redeeming back his lands; mid gay surprise
To twice endow Lenore, to him the noblest prize!

Rich were the hours of their unfolding love,
And sweeter still the time of plighted vows,
But richer, sweeter far than these above,
Their wedded life, when every hour arose
Some new and deep affection to disclose;
Some fond remembrance, some delighted thought
To link their hearts. Oft in this hushed repose
Of mutual confidence their feelings caught
The poet's sacred fire, and thus in songs were wrought—

Canzonet.

How sweet, how delightful it is to remember
Our first happy days when affection began,
And Love, the gay truant, the roguish dissembler,
Seemed sporting as lightly as spring breezes fan.

But soon that designer in strong links had caught us,
And smiled at our bondage ere we were aware
Of the pleasing deception, the mischief he wrought us,
In mingling together rich joy and deep care.

Then oft on our absence what sadness awaited,
What hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
In varied succession, with thrill unabated,
Till calmed by our meeting to gladness again.

But sweetest that season, when young Love had yielded
To Hymen's rich keeping his strength and his power,
And the god on our passion smiled gaily, and sealed it
In bonds of endurance to life's latest hour.

Since then have we known the bright pleasures of living,
That purest delight of heart beating with heart;
When thoughts and affections, deep feelings, emotions
In varied succession high rapture impart.

Of all the rich boons that to mortals are given,
With wreaths of pure pleasure their brows to entwine;
Ah! none can be dearer, more breathing of heaven
Than the joy of true love in "for ever I'm thine!"

Here will we leave this soul-devoted pair,
Their wedded days in happiness to spend;
Nor bid again to vanish into air
Visions and fancies that the muse hath penned;
But let their brightness with our spirits blend
And their clear moral elevate the heart.
For now 'tis time this votive song had end,
So poor in thought and music—pray impart
Due pardon to my lyre that ill hath done its part!

When she had ceased, each heart around confessed
She owned poetic powers, and that to her
It was a labour of devoted love
To weave the rhythm of the poet's song,
And frame his numbered melody. An ear,
By close acquaintance with the lofty tones
And modulations of the noble verse
Of our great bards, may soon acquire the power

And skill to versify ; and likewise thought
May be illumed by their poetic light,
Until it shine with lustre, and give forth
A seeming inbred poesy. The bard,
The true and native bard, does more than this ;
There is within him a far deeper fount
Of innate feeling ; and his radiant mind
Shines not with light reflected, but gives forth,
When warmed by passions burning in his heart,
Its own clear coruscations ; like those stars
Which flash across the sky, so swift and bright,
We wonder whence they came. And so with her
Was thought creative, and gave mystic birth
To things and beings, lifeless hitherto.

Now all are waiting for the last regale
Which is to crown the whole, and bring to end
This contest of sweet verse. A mother's voice
Would give it utterance, a mother's heart
Was its warm birth-place ; and each one presaged
A song that breathed affection. Oh how calm,
How sweet she looked, amidst that family,
Her mild cheek beaming with maternal love :
How simple and how fair ! her very dress,
So plain and neat, to her appearance gave
A saint-like aspect—not the gloomy saint
Of ghostly superstition—but the true,
The real, the bright, the one whose cheerful heart
Adores the love of Heaven, and lets its love

Flow freely o'er on all. And there she sat
Close by the fire-side, in the place assigned
To venerated guests. Yet none would take
That antique chair, but with a general voice
Awarded it to her; and said the joys
And innocent pastimes could not be commenced
'Till she consented to retain that seat
As her's alone. And reverent she looked,
And well she graced it, as the firelight played
On her pure countenance, and silver hair
Whose thin braids peeped beneath a seemly cap
Of snowy whiteness. Such a holy calm
Suffused her features, as can spring alone
From peace of heart within. Her soul had known
Dark trials on the earth, but they had wrought
To purify and strengthen, till her faith
Was bright and cheerful, and her hope serene.
She now with retrospective eye beheld
That Goodness was in all, and hence her life
Was bright and beautiful, as golden skies
That usher in the calm repose of night.

Before attempting to impart her verse
According to old promise, with a voice
Of winning modesty she softly said
She was no poetess, but merely brought
Some thoughts and feelings from a mother's heart
In simple language rendered. She rejoiced
With soul-felt gladness to behold around

So many loving friends; and further still
To see her sons and daughters glad and gay
With native cheerfulness, and strong in health.
For this her heart was thankful. But her ear—
And whose is quicker than a mother's ear—
Had missed the gentle tones of one sweet voice
From that glad Hall, which but two years ago,
On the same festive night, with accents soft
Mixed in gay concert there. She knew that none
Had 'ere forgot her Edith, but that all
Bore her in loved remembrance; and some thoughts
Of sacred elevation well became
The time and season; and she therefore brought
Some simple lines in memory of her,
As fittest tribute from a mother's breast—
A song she best could frame. With few words more
Of preface, or apology she read—

An Elegy on Edith.

Place o'er her tomb a simple cross,
The emblem of Redemptive love,
To bid us hope, amidst our loss,
And trace her flight to realms above.

She lies not there—the feeble frame
Alone reposes 'neath the sod;
But her bright soul, that vital flame
Now shines before the throne of God.

Her eye so dark, will glance no more,
Her raven hair in ringlets wave;
The music of her voice is o'er,
And her light step is in the grave.

No more will mortal eye behold
That form so lovely, soft, and fair;
Now blending with the earth's damp mould,
Or scattered through the realms of air.

Her tears are dried, but she hath left
To us a legacy of tears;
To be of her sweet love bereft
Must dim the eye through future years!

But ah! much deeper grief will wring
And anguish tear that mother's breast,
Where she in infancy did cling
And slumbered in a holy rest.

But I forbear—and seek to calm
All earthly grief with heavenly hope,
And aided by its healing balm
Give not my hidden sorrow scope.

Then let us raise our thoughts on high,
And trace her spirit's glorious flight
From sorrow, pain, and agony
To peace and joy in worlds of light.

Is she afar? ah! thin the veil
That hides the spirit-land from view;
Such thoughts instinctively prevail,
And my fond heart believes them true.

The angels' is an inner world,
Not distant, but in life more high;
Though now in fleshly vestments furled
To us are kindred spirits nigh.

And I can think that when I quit
This "earthly house" for glory bright,
Me first her angel-smile will greet,
And her hand lead through realms of light.

Throughout the strain a mournful sadness breathed,
Yet mixed with elevated hope, and made
All bosoms move in sympathy, and eyes
Suffuse themselves with tears. But not of grief
And sorrow unalloyed. For there are thoughts
So lofty, elevated, pure and sweet,
Linked with affection and devotion, warm
In contemplating loved ones passed from earth,
That the bright tears they strew upon the cheek
Are more like dew-drops, 'neath some twilight sky
All glad and rosy, than the chilling rain
That falls from gloomy clouds. Now sacred thought
Was kindled in each breast, and musings calm

Which suited well the season and the hour;
Then all spoke of retiring, for the time
When the first star that shewed its feeble light,
Whilst day was darkening, in the furthest east,
Should have attained its highest point in heaven
Had come, but oh how swiftly! Happy hours
And peaceful had been spent, and every heart
Was filled with gladness; and a holier love
Warmed every bosom, such sweet fellowship
Had reigned triumphant there. With cheerful looks
And grateful, farewell greetings for the night
To host and hostess, each delighted guest
Went to the room warm hospitality
Had set apart for him; yet with the hope,
The glad and confident hope that day would bring—
And many days succeeding—such pure joys
And pleasures innocent, as o'er his heart
Had softly flowed amid the recent hours
Of social glee. The antique hall was soon
By its gay crowd deserted. On the hearth
The giant yule-log, lessened to a stick,
Burnt with a crimson glow, but through a veil
Of thin white wavering ash. The warmth it gave
Is now diminished, and the keen frost-air
Pierces the lonely room. Farewell old scene
Of oft-remembered joys—to thee, good night!
And now withdrawn to solitude, I may
Let thought make free excursions, and review

The recent hours of pleasure. There are times
When we think inwardly, that is more deep
Within our being, so that images
Distinct and palpable, are scarcely seen
To flit before the mental eye ; yet thought
Rolls on in fulness, like a mountain stream
Deep, sweeping, vast, but 'neath the clouds of night
Silent and unrevealed. Such most is felt
When many persons, actions, words, and things
Have passed before us quickly ; then they crowd
The mind too fully, to let each stand out
In individual being ; but they all
Are lodged within the memory, and come forth
So fresh and vital, during future days,
And oft so unexpectedly, we start
To see them rise again as from the grave.
Oh wondrous is our being ! every thing
That e'er hath passed before us : every thought
That flitted cloud-like o'er our realm of mind ;
And every feeling that hath urged the heart,
E'en with a slight vibration, seems to leave
A certain impress stamped upon the soul
As with a seal eternal: sendeth forth
A living substance, from the which is built
Our being and identity; conjoins
By mystic sympathies, and secret links,
Our spirits unto others. Little knows
Philosophy, though brightly on advance,

About the inner world, the world of mind.
The earth's deep crust she pierced hath, and made
Mankind astonished at its boundless age;
Her outstretched hand has spanned the wilds of space,
And shewn the distance infinite of stars;
Her hawk-like glance hath downward looked, and seen
Whole worlds of vital being in dim grains
As small as summer dust. High are these truths,
And mighty and ennobling; but still more
And greater have to come, when she hath searched
The world of matter more, till its known laws,
And comprehended principles have given
A greater strength, and more divining power
To pierce far deeper mysteries, and scan
The inner world of spirit. Newton learnt
The law that binds the universe in one
From a mere apple's fall. If sages pore
As thoughtfully on mind, may they not bring
Some hidden things to light, that may reveal
Great laws and simple, that shall elevate
All science far beyond its present flight,
Though eagle-like its wing now seems to reach
The sun of Truth, so loftily it soars.

How warm and pleasant is this curtained room
Assigned for night's repose. The cheerful fire,
With its bright tongues of flame, illuminates
The walls with fitful gleams, and ruddier light
Than issues from the lamp. 'Twere sweet to sit

And muse for some hours longer, but the night
Is far advanced, and though the stillness round
Invites to contemplation, yet the time
And prudence too forbids. Before I give
Myself to slumber let me draw aside
The heavy curtain, o'er the window hung,
Excluding cold and wind; and thence look forth
Upon the landscape to behold the scene
Arrayed in winter's garb. Oh gorgeous sight,
Unutterably grand! The morn was black
And dark and dismal; through the middle day
The storm's white burden was cast down to earth
With strange rapidity; and now the night
Shines bright and glorious, beautiful and fair!
Far o'er the head, so lofty that the eye
Can scarce rise up to view her, glows the moon
With keen intensity of silver light,
And from her heavenly altitude pours down
Such floods of radiance on the snow-clad earth
As fills the heart with rapture. Scarce a star
Can shew its beam amid the purple sky
So rich her bright rays spread. The frosty air,
Sharp, keen, and subtle, hath a delicate haze
That beautifies all objects, giving them
A softer aspect, a more lovely hue,
A spirit-like appearance. On the trees,
Leafless and verdureless, a foliage lies
Of splendid whiteness. A strange stillness holds

Their forms gigantic, and their stretching boughs,
As if they slumbered in the midnight air.
Short shadows cast they on the even ground,
Night's silver regent hath her throne so nigh
The summit of heaven's arch. Along the lawn
How softly spreads the radiant plain of snow,
More smooth and level than a temple floor
Of alabaster framed O'er all the beds
And borders ranged for flowers, no smaller shrub
Or plant can shew a branch; but buried deep
Beneath a downy burden, mark their tombs
By hemispheres of white. When looking far
Across the landscape, every object gleams
As it recedes by distance, more refined,
More unsubstantial, till the veiling mist,
Long ere the eye can reach th' horizon's bound,
In softened beauty, blends the earth with heaven.
Far to the left, some cottage roofs appear,
Where lies the village, rearing chimneys tall,
Now smokeless in the moonlight. Nigh the wood
Which swells in highest grandeur, o'er the hill
That rises to the westward, stands the church
All pure and peaceful in the holy light.
On its embattled tower the moonbeams fall,
And seem to hallow it, so fair and calm
It gleams within them. From its summit shoots
The tall and taper spire, and high o'ertops
The loftiest trees around, and stands alone

Amid the ether, whilst its form sublime
With emblematic finger points to heaven!
When morn arises, from that ancient tower
An anthem-peal will ring, a music rich
And pregnant with deep thoughts. For centuries
The selfsame tones have burst upon the air
And made it thrill with harmony. It fell
On ears that listen on this earth no more,
And when we hear it, it will be a link
Uniting us with them. Oh! mystical
And wonderful is sound. A single note
May call our past life up, and make it live
All vivid in the present. Every thing
Has its own voice, its sound. As once I passed—
Not having passed it for a length of years—
An old park-gate in manhood, which I oft
Had entered when a boy, the simple click
Of its loud latch, was recognised again
In one brief moment, and it brought to sight
All those companions who, in school-boy days,
Had there surrounded me; and heavy thoughts
Pressed on my spirit, for I knew that some
Were carried to the grave; and some were gone
I knew not whither; and the most, perhaps,
I should behold no more! Then what deep thoughts,
What thoughts of piety should Christmas bells
Awake within the soul! Their mighty tones
Teem with the memories of two thousand years

Or nigh thereto. What wonderful events
Since then have happened, how the world hath changed,
And man hath been exalted, since the Words
Divine of Christ were mingled with his lore!
And who is he? "Emanuel, God with us!"
O mighty name and nature, on his arm
"The government shall rest!" In him we see
Jehovah manifest! To us "a child
Is born, a son is given," and his name
Is "Wonderful!" Oh wonderful indeed
That he who habiteth eternity
Should stand revealed in time; that he who dwells
Far o'er the heavens, should yet descend to earth;
That He, enthroned in "unapproached light"
Should visit this world's darkness! Many names
And titles glorious, hath the Son of God,
In whom we see the Father, one with Him
So true and absolute, whoso beholds
The Son beholds the Father. Search the Word
And see if these things be so; let it tell
The truth in its own language. "In Him dwells
The fullness of the Godhead bodily." He is
"The true God and Eternal life." In flesh
Christ came, and he "is over all God blest
For evermore." Still further it reveals
"God was in Christ," and "reconciling" there
"The world unto himself." Jehovah says
Times oft repeated in the elder Word

He is the Saviour, and none else but He;
He is Redeemer, and he will not give
His glory to another. We should hold
Exalted notions of that Saviour who
Was born to David, and is "Christ the Lord."
Whom prophecy hath named "the Mighty God,
The everlasting Father, Prince of Peace."
What mighty words, and wonderful are these
To waken thought within the humble mind
And make it strive to apprehend and know
The mystery sublime. But comprehend
It never can, such lies not in the power
Of finite mind, its feeble grasp can ne'er
Include infinity. Then let us pause
And ponder deeply, for the truth is not
More difficult to hold, or to believe,
Than that creation at the first sprang forth
Beneath the fiat of Almighty Will,
And finitude was born, and time began!
Ring out ye bells! and with glad notes proclaim
The glorious advent of the Prince of Peace.
And let your melodies resound aloud
Till every heart with pious joy is filled!
Princes of war have desolated earth
And ravaged nations, cities, homes, and hearths,
Till men cried out in misery, and made
The vaulted heaven re-echo to their cries.
But wars shall cease, and men shall beat at length

Their swords to ploughshares ; and all peaceful arts
Shall flourish on the earth. Then Truth shall shine
With her own cheerful radiant light, and bless
The kingdoms of the World, and Goodness dwell
Enthroned in every heart. Then life shall run
In one pure current, as a crystal stream,
And every deed in excellence shall shine
Like stars of heaven. A bond of holy love
Shall make a glorious brotherhood of man,
And heaven-descended charity shall link
The nations into one. Then holy joy
Shall elevate each heart, the song of praise
Burst gladly from each lip, and men shall lift
Their voice in anthems, whose ascending notes
Shall fill the skies with harmony sublime.
Oh ! that the bright and happy hour were come
When earth exulting shall behold the reign
Of Christ the great Messiah ! Once he came,
In deep humility, to taste of death,
In weakness and in weariness ; but soon
As prophecy foretells, he shall appear
Revealed to men, in majesty and might.
In spirit and in power, to build his church,
His kingdom, on the earth, and stablish it
In peace profound, in holiness secure,
In truth unshaken, happiness supreme
And rich with glory that shall know no end !
Then shall Jerusalem lift up her voice

In songs of gladness, when she is arrayed
In garments fair of righteousness; her head
Encrowned with wisdom's sparkling diadem,
And she rejoiced o'er as a beauteous bride
By Him who framed her. Then her sun no more
Shall set in darkness, or her moon withdraw,
But God shall be her everlasting light,
Her walls Salvation, her wide portals Praise,
And her deep mourning cease for evermore!
My meditations have ascended high,
Yet are they fitting to the time; it brings
Unnumbered thoughts like these! The human soul
Created in God's image seems to share
In His infinity. Evolving thought,
For ever growing, can within it dwell,
And oft ascending and ascending still
To higher points of elevated Truth,
View things around it with extended glance.
And with more god-like insight. What can fill
Its vast capacity, or quench the thirst
It bears for knowledge. It was born to rise
For ever upward into brighter light!
Lift high the banner of "Excelsior."
On! on! the watchword! Let us search for Truth
With steadfast heart, and holy trust in God,
Then never can we fail! Where shall we find
The thing we look for? In the musty tomes
Of darkening ages, in the harsh decrees

Of priests king-ruling, in the twilight dim
That settles on the past! Ah! no, not there
Look to the future, to the morning light
Appearing in the east! Three books are writ,
Three books divine; their pages rightly conned
Will blend their full triunity of Truth
In one bright blaze of wisdom. Pierce within,
And read the volume there, and it will tell
Of something higher than the world around,
More living, more substantial; look abroad,
O'er the vast universe of worlds and suns,
That border on infinitude; then turn
Another page, and read inscribed thereon,
A like infinitude, within the small
And tiny measurements of living grains
And vital atoms, all disposed by laws
Sublime in their simplicity, that bind
The great and little in one mighty whole.
Lessons like these will fit the mind to see
That in a written book, indeed divine,
A like infinitude of Truth must dwell
Concealed within the letter. Human minds
That have enlodged themselves in books, leave there
A record of their greatness. Learned men
Have conned the documents, that sages writ,
With care unceasing, and at last confessed
They had not reached the ultimate of thought
Embodied in them. What must be the depths,

The vast profundities of pages penned
From perfect inspiration? Christ hath said
Flesh profits nothing, but the words I speak
Are spirit and are life. The letter kills,
The spirit giveth life, hath Paul announced.
How shall we pierce this body to let forth
The spirit of pure truth. From whence attain
The "key of knowledge" to unlock the stores
Of hidden wisdom in the word divine.
The promise saith that brighter light shall come,
And many hearts now need it! Thought, with them,
Hath been enlarged by pure philosophy,
From nature's pregnant book. They yearn to see
Its perfect harmony with truth divine,
And find all streamlets from the Fount of Truth
Blend in one lucid river. Let us wait
In patience and humility the time
Of this grand consummation! Let us up
To the high mountain tops, from thence to watch
The dawning sunlight of earth's brighter day.
Such day shall come, though it hath tarred long,
And yet may tarry, for the certain harp
Of sacred prophecy hath oft foretold
Its glorious advent—let us watch, and wait!

It is full time that I should now arrest
Thought's current in the midst. Though on a theme
So full and teeming, it might swiftly run
Its rapid course for ever. O'er the earth

The cold increases, and the bitter frost
Draws flowers upon each pane. I must retire
From this unsullied prospect, fair and calm
And eminently beautiful. The fire
Burns low within the grate, and embers lie
In darkness on the hearth, that but of late
Were red and glowing. In the shade of sleep,
And night's oblivion, I must seek to quench
The fire of thought, and for awhile forego
A life of consciousness. Yet with a hope
Of sweet refreshment, and with strength renewed,
To spring up cheerful when the morning sun
Makes bright the winter landscape, and enjoy
That intellectual pleasure, pure delight,
And social intercourse, that ever form
The banquet rich of Christmas at the Hall!

END OF CHRISTMAS AT THE HALL.

The Hero's Grave.

Bear on the Hero to his resting place,
The tomb of honour that his deeds have won;
His glorious obsequies the nations grace,
And million hearts are beating now as one.
Hark! to the trumpets' sound!
Hark! to the muffled drum!
The dead-march pealing its deep notes around
Proclaims—his ashes come!
High on a trophied car,
Beneath a gorgeous canopy,
Behold the coffin borne:
And glittering bright afar,
His mighty sword of victory,
Reminds how deep we mourn!
No more that dauntless hand and heart
Will wield its lightning-blade;
No more that warrior's thunder-voice
Will marshall hosts arrayed,
In Battle's iron panoply,
To fight for freedom and the free!
Age was upon his brow,
The glory of white hairs;
'Twas for our fathers that he fought,
And to the lasting peace he bought
We long have been the heirs!

We were but children when
His mightier deeds were done ;
The rising greatness of his name,
His Indian glory, Spanish fame,
Through mists of time, so distant gleam,
They seem of th' ages gone !
Yet will those deeds survive—
The glorious combats of Assaye,
Of Badajos, Vittoria,
And more as bright, in long array,
By Fame he kept alive.
But that, the greatest and the best,
Which bade mankind with peace be blest,
As in the earth's young prime—
The crown of all, great Waterloo—
A sound to make the heart rejoice,
Shall with a mighty prophet-voice
Go sweeping on through time !—
The warrior sheathed his sword,
But loved his country still,
And sought by statesman-skill,
Diplomacy and counsel sage,
To aid her in a peaceful age,
And with determined will
A patriot's love fulfil.
Oh hear him lift his voice,
War's horrors to proclaim,
And speak the words of peace !

A man denouncing war
That gave him gorgeous fame?
Ye Kings and Emperors hear!
Then bid your jarrings cease,
And learn how greater far
To bind your aweful brows
With olive crown of peace,
Than the laurel wreath of war!
Oh, world! this lesson learn,
Let this holier truth prevail,
Till amidst each teeming vale,
And along each fertile plain,
The accursed sound of war
Shall be never heard again!—
But the cavalcade comes on,
The great hero on his car,
With the trumpet and the muffled drum,
And the death-march pealing far.
Where shall we find a grave
For this king of warrior-men;
Where, amidst the great and brave
Of the land, he fought to save,
His mighty dust may mingle,
With its kindred dust again?
In the Nation's greatest temple,
Beneath her highest dome,
Let the hero, sage, and statesman
There find a fitting tomb.

Let the warrior of the earth,
And the warrior of the sea,
Slumber calmly side by side,
'Neath that gorgeous canopy.
Let Wellington and Nelson,
Unite and mingle dust,
As in Britain's glorious story
Their bright fames for ever must.
In death they lie together—
Yea bone to bone is nigh!
Oh have their glorious spirits met
In the living world on high?
For there each noble feeling,
That fills our earthly hearts
From fetters free, more full in strength
To higher being starts.
May not the hero-sages,
Who've loved their native land,
E'en to the death, in yon bright realm,
Compose one radiant band.
We dare not limit Mercy—
Truth's power to purify—
Nor judge the heart—which none can know
But the Omnipresent eye.—
Oh have their mighty spirits met
In the living world on high?—
Hark! in solemn music stealing
Through the sable-curtained pile,

Loudly swells the mournful anthem
Down each broad-arched, columned aisle.
'Tis a requiem for the dead,
To his dark tomb onward lead,
Whilst a nation bows the head
With a heart-consuming sorrow,
That no forms of grief need borrow,
Bending o'er the sacred bier,
There heaving forth the sigh, and there letting fall the tear.
Amid an aweful silence
The priestly voice hath said,
Now "Ashes unto ashes,
And dust to kindred dust,"
Whilst on the coffin dashes,
With dull sound, the crumbled mould,
But strikes the heart more strongly
Than if a knell had tolled.
Then prayers and hymns and anthems
Again from thousands rise,
Loud sounding through that mighty dome
And seem to pierce the skies!
Farewell, then, noble Hero,
The last tribute we can pay
Above thy once commanding form,
We've offered thee this day,
The witness of a nation's love,
Esteem for thy desert,
And promise to remember thee

All uttered from the heart.
We ne'er shall see this noble dome.
Ascend gigantic to the clouds,
But deem it as the monument
Of that great hero it enshrouds.
Our thoughts will often on thy virtues dwell,
Thy dauntless courage, and puissant arm.
We will thy glories to our children tell,
And they to theirs, to bind them as a charm
To love the bold, the noble, and the free,
And every virtue bright, the world was taught by thee!

Sonnet to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

O Lady! heiress to a living fame,
Most loving, pious, pure, and true of heart,
Whose mighty pen hath made the whole world start
Aghast and wond'ring that the blighting shame
Of slavery should blot the earth; and claim
Her advocates in men, who to the mart
Drag on their fellows, groning 'neath the smart
Of blasted hopes, divided loves, and aim
Their manhood to crush out, and bow them down
Like soul-less brutes by torture and the lash!
Oh! noble is thine end! and may God crown
The work with rich success, and swiftly dash
Such yokes in twain, 'till men shout "Victory!
A Jubilee on earth! all slaves are free!"

Night Musings.

The sun's keen rays are hidden by the hills,
But golden glories flame along the sky,
Shooting their radiance to the lofty crown
Of heaven's bright vault. Unnumbered floating clouds
Skirt the horizon, and their crimson folds
Burn like a furnace in the glowing light,
Yet softly, gently; no fierce earthly fire
Is passing on them, but they calmly rest
As in the warmth and lustre of some sphere
By spirits tenanted; and gazing deep
Through yon refulgent vistas of the west,
The heart is 'wakened to immortal thoughts
Of higher beings, or of purer worlds;
To contemplations fitted to receive
The starry lessons of the coming night.
More soft and pure, more varied and serene,
The rainbow hues of fading twilight grow.
Above the summit of yon mountain peak,
The glittering star of evening sparkles fair
With gem-like radiance. O'er the darkening earth
The warm mists hover, and on buds and bells
Distil their fragrant life-inspiring dews.
Sweet flowers send forth their incense of perfume,
And fill the air with odour, breathing round

A rich refreshment, grateful to the heart.
Deep shadows spread, as if from heaven's high arch,
Night, like a purple curtain, slowly fell,
Enfringed with gold, and richly broidered o'er
With sparkling gems, all scintillating bright.
The purple deepens, and one star-filled dome,
Circles with lustre all the earth around
So calm and peaceful, so serenely fair,
That earth's wild passions at the glorious sight
Seem awed into repose; and man, brought forth
Amid a solitude sublime, to muse
With elevated thoughts, and higher aims,
Infused from heaven, and kindled by the glance
Of those far orbs, so lucid soft and clear,
Till all his soul in humble worship melts,
And holy reverence before the high,
Majestic presence of the starry worlds.

Ye gleaming lights, how beautiful ye shine,
Filling the night with loveliness. Not one,
Of all your myriads, but reveals a tale
Of ages so remote and vast, they seem
As an eternity to short-lived man.
Thus calmly shone ye when the formless deep
Heaved with the birth-throes of this present world,
And mountain summits forced their jagged heads
Through the dark surges of the boiling main.
Slow spread the continents beneath your light
In fearful desolation. Turbid flowed

The new-born rivers through the wilderness,
Herbless and treeless their wild, dreary banks.
But soon the life-touch of Creative breath
Passed o'er this desert, and it swiftly bloomed,
In verdant beauty. Herb and fruit and flower
Mingled their loveliness beneath the shade
Of trees umbrageous. The wide waters teemed
With pregnant life, the groves were filled with song,
And hill and valley echoed to the cry
Of new-formed creatures sporting in delight.
When earth was fitted to receive her guest,
After long ages of successive change
And wondrous preparation, man appeared,
Creation's crown, the culminating point
Where finite and where infinite unite;
Where thought could dwell, and with sublime ascent,
Rise from all creatures to their Living Cause.

How fearful and how wonderful is mind!
A mystic mirror, fitted to reflect
The universe with all its varied forms,
In pure unsullied beauty; thence to pierce
Through the rich vision, and the fair array,
And deeply search each hidden spring and cause
Till, link by link, the golden chain is found
That binds creation to the Throne of Power.
How full of wonder man's first ardent gaze
Around the earth, in daylight beauty bright;
But higher wonder must have stirred his soul—

More deep religious awe—when first the night
Revealed the glories of her ebon shade,
With thousand lamps attendant. Soon his mind
Would strive to learn the mystery immense
Of all their fair array. "Are ye mere lights
"Amid the azure canopy of heaven,
"In order marshalled, to redeem the night
"From utter desolation? Oh! ye move
"In wondrous sequence, and keep up a march
"O'er the same pathway that the sun hath trod.
"How godlike is your aspect, ye must rule
"The destinies of man. Your varied fires
"Control the life within him and around,
"And make the kingdoms of the earth your own."
Thus, in the infancy of mind, the stars,
Bright realms of light, by erring thought, were made
To shed a darkness on the human soul,
And bind its free-born energies. But now,
When thought, through centuries its march sublime
Hath onward held, and Science hath enlarged
Her bounds as ocean: to man's questionings
The heavens unfold their secrets, and send down
Their revelations to astound his soul.
Her magic tube Astronomy hath held
With power aloft, and pierced the hidden depths,
Then turned to earth again, and told the tale,
The mighty tale, most wonderful yet true—
That yon bright specks are gorgeous worlds and suns,

In countless millions, far apart and spread
Throughout immensity, in ordered clans,
Harmonious systems, moving swiftly on
With power past utt'rance, through the aweful, vast,
Infinitude of space, and had their birth
Or first commenced their race sublime amid
Such deep profundity of ancient Time
It seems Eternity. Ye mighty worlds,
Like them of old, still would I fondly think
That on your orbs man's destiny is writ
In brighter, fairer characters than e'er
Chaldean sage decyphered. Tell ye not
The greatness of that essence that can link
Itself by thought with ye? And are ye not
The cradles of his being, the primal worlds
Where his immortal destiny begins,
From whence ascending, into higher spheres,
His growing spirit may at length find rest
In spiritual realms? Your numbers tell
Of "numbers numberless" of finite minds,
Created likenesses of God most High,
In whose full myriads he may image forth
His own infinity, and fill their souls
With heavenly goodness, wisdom high and pure,
That thus receiving from the fount of Life
The living stream, their natures may become
Divine, angelical, prepared to form
A still increasing universe of bliss.

Oh thought ennobling, destiny sublime!
Happy the man who marks the canons writ
On his own being, on the sacred page
Of revelation, and the ordered frame
Of this fair world, and with an effort firm
And persevering, strives to win the prize!
How grand the lessons of creation's book,
How mighty every page, when read aright,
To teach humility to man, and fill
His breast with sacred confidence and love
And holy fear. Then, bow ye, and adore,
The infinite of Love whence all things are,
The infinite of Truth that gave them frame,
The infinite of Power wherein they dwell,
The one Creating and Redeeming God!

The Sailor's Bride.

The stars they shone keen in the deep blue sky,
And the moonlight softly slept
O'er the frozen earth, and the pale cold snow
That chirped as the traveller stept.

Poor Mary sat chilled by her lonely fire,
Her babe in its cradle lay,
As she watched its slumbers with cheerless breast,
On the eve of Christmas day.

"Thy father is yet on the wide, wide sea,"—
Her mournful heart thus sung,—
"I hoped he'd have been in our home, baby,
"Ere the Christmas bells had rung.

"This time, so full of affection's delights,
"Of pure and innocent mirth,
"Is lonely and sad, since he is not here
"To joy with me o'er thy birth.

"When last he sailed forth, all the bright green buds
"Just peeped on the branches bare;
"And thou, my child, like the beautiful flowers,
"Hadst breathed not the spring's sweet air.

"Since then, fearful storms have darkened the sky,
"And tempests disturbed the main,
"And the sprightly glance of his loving eye
"I ne'er may behold again!

"He never has looked on thy cherub form,
"Or seen thy soft curling hair;
"Or watched the quick smile, on thy rosy cheek,
"Like a bright wave rippling there.

"To place thee, with joy, in thy father's arms,
"How my ardent soul doth yearn;
"But still disappointed, each anxious day,
"In solitude drear I mourn.

"But hark! do I dream? or a sharp quick step
"Approaches our cottage door?
"A well-known hand, lifts the opening latch,—
"I clasp thee, my husband, once more!"

She's pressed to the heart, of her sailor bold,
Their child in his arms he rears;
The sound of his kiss on its pure soft cheek,
Like a spell dispersed her tears!

The gloom from that dwelling hath passed away;
The hearth hath a glow more bright;
And the glorious sun next morning shone
For them with a richer light.

They love the sweet sounds from yon grey church tower,
Recalling their bridal day;
And thither they wend, with most grateful hearts,
Their tribute of thanks to pay.

Then in their own home, with its glowing fire,
And neighbours and friends around,
That loving pair hark with intense delight
To the Christmas bells' glad sound.

Birth of the First-Born.

Beloved Eva! fain would I impart
The fervent feelings of a poet's heart,
And in sweet-numbered melody make known
How glad I hail thee, and thy first-born son!
Thou art a mother! and thou now wilt share
All the rich pleasures of a mother's care;
Wilt clasp thine infant to thy raptured breast,
And know on earth the feelings of the blest.

How kindly has the Author of our frame
Lit in our souls affection's holy flame;
Bound heart to heart by kindred's golden ties,
Fond links of love, delightful sympathies,
Whence deeper, richer, purer pleasures flow
Than all but those celestial joys bestow.
Of all deep chords within the human breast
One sounds with harmonies beyond the rest,
In sweeter music, more ecstatic tone,
And dwells in woman's gentle heart alone.
Then first its thrilling melody was heard,
Surpassing Eden's most enchanting bird,
When loving Eve, with silent rapture smiled,
On smiles returned her by her infant child.

Since that sweet hour what myriad hearts have glowed
With like soft gladness, and what eyes have flowed
With sparkling tears, that were by joy distilled,

From minds maternal happiness hath filled.
Such be thine ecstacy, such be thy joy,
Thy tender pleasure o'er thine infant boy;
Be it thy rich felicity to prove
The deepest raptures of maternal love.
'Tis sweet to cultivate some simple flower,
And watch its form expanding every hour,
From the green bud that swells upon the spray
Till full-blown petals meet the sunny ray,
Unfold bright tints, disclose surpassing bloom,
And shed around their delicate perfume.
But higher, nobler is the task assigned
To tend the first unfoldings of the mind,
And cultivate the young expanding heart.
The task which falls to every mother's part.
Such sacred duty thou canst well fulfil,
Wake softest feeling, richest truth instil,
Raise latent thought, and evil's growth arrest
Within thine infant's slowly opening breast;
And as a flower erects its head on high
To meet the bright refulgence of the sky,
And gain refreshment from the dewy morn,
That fairer beauties may its form adorn,
So wilt thou teach, unceasingly, thy child
With gentle precept and instruction mild,
To look to heaven, fix its affections there,
And raise the incense of aspiring prayer.
From thy kind hand I know he will receive

All that a mother's tenderness can give,
A ready help preventing every need,
The fond intention, and the kindly deed;
The watchful eye, the prompt protection share,
And constant efforts of unwearied care.
Thus taught by thee, to manhood may he rise,
Through childhood's innocent and simple guise;
Through virtuous youth, improving year by year,
In all perfections which the heart endear;
Till strong in truth, of every good possessed,
A generous spirit and a candid breast,
A soul enlarged, a great and noble mind;
With feelings fervent, delicate, refined,
And that unspotted purity of heart
Which Heavenly blessing can alone impart,
He shall thy cares abundantly repay,
A constant solace to thy latest day:
Yielding rich happiness, like grateful soil
Returning harvest for the tillers toil,
Fruitful and rich, inviting to his hand,
In golden ripeness teeming o'er the land.

Lines to a Great Philanthropist.

Oh Wilderspin! I would attune the harp
Of sweetest poesy to tell thee how,
With heart and spirit, I esteem the work

And labour of thy life! no harsher sound
Than softest music will befit the theme—
No tone less 'trancing than the poet's lyre.
Kind friend of Infants! who in early life,
Amidst the haunts and dwellings of the poor,
Looking around thee, saw them left to roam
In paths of wickedness, untrained, untaught,
Save in the deeds of ill; and with a heart
Of tender care, a mind resolved to act,
Didst love and pity them;—with deepest thought
And observation piercing and intense,
Didst keenly study all the mystic laws
Of mind unfolding in the infant breast,
And feeling rising in each little heart,
That to the one thou mightest know aright
Sweet simple truth in fitting form to give,
And train the other in all moral good,
Beneath the blessing of that God who gives
Full oft a life to truth within the mind,
As to the seeds we scatter in the ground.
By simple stories from the sacred page,
By parables and life-informing texts,
And milk sincere, pure from the Word Divine,
It was thy wish to lead them on to Christ,
And teach them of His love. Woe lies on those
Who with a wilful hand would force strong meat
On minds of delicate and tender age,
And thereby cause offence. The warning kind,

The simple precept, and the promise sweet,
The perfect picture of a holy life,
The lovely prospect of a world of light,
And joy and happiness, with God on high,
Are food for little ones, and cords of love
Whereby the Spirit may draw hearts to Him.
Teacher of babes ! thy cause, when in its rise,
Drew friends around, who fostered it with care,
Endured a little time, and then fell off.
Alone, undaunted, in the face of scorn,
Of opposition, slander, ridicule,
And all that most can sink the heart of man
And baffle perseverance, thou didst still,
Upheld by strength imparted from on high,
With boldness persevere, and plead the cause
Of helpless infancy around the land,
And work unceasing for its lasting good
With untired ardour. Others now would reap
The fields which thou hast sown, and cast aside
Thy name into oblivion ; would avail
Themselves of all thy labours ; would forget
The mind from which they sprung, and leave thee now,
When the chill winter of old age comes on,
In dim obscurity. Nay, more than this—
Some would traduce thee, and use slander's tongue :
But let the sinless cast a stone at thee !
And let all judge thee by thy noble works,
Thy deeds of true philanthropy, then all

Would look upon thee with a heart of love,
Of wonder, of astonishment and joy.
And oh may "He who doth the ravens feed,
Yea providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to thine age." May He who said,
A cup of water given in his name
To little ones should have a full reward,
Give thee the riches of eternal life,
A spirit pure, a heart prepared and meet,
For joy and glory in the worlds above! 1845

Wye Dale, Buxton.

Here Nature, with a lavish bounty, pours
Her grandest beauties from her richest stores;
On either hand high rifted rocks uprear
Their summits proud that touching heaven appear,
Whilst on their shelves soft mountain herbage grows,
Fresh moss springs green, the pretty wild flower blows,
And many a tree, on their steep sides, is seen
Stretching broad branches, decked in living green,
'Mongst which the yew its gloomy boughs extends,
Where the grey crag's terrific form impends;
Here the gay warbler's sweetly carolled song
Resounds reverberating rocks among,
Whilst o'er mossed stones Wye's new-born waters wail
Spreading their murmurs through this lonely dale.

Rydal Water.

Addressed to Wordsworth.

How fair beneath the noontide light,
In splendour rests this silver lake,
Engirt by many a mountain height,
High soaring rock, and purple peak.

Yon central isle, of sombre pines,
With dark green hue, and spreading bough,
Reflected in the water shines,
A softer vision seen below!

Around, unnumbered fairy isles
In rich luxuriant verdure lie,
Like gems amidst the waters' smiles,
Or bright clouds on a summer sky.

Fair, spreading trees along the shore
Adorn each lofty headland steep;
Or on the marge their branches lave
Amidst the shining crystal deep.

Woods, rocks, and fells, and mountain peaks,
Sublime in hue, or rich and bright
As through the clouds the sunbeam breaks,
Reveal a vision of delight;

A scene so glorious and grand,
We well might deem that He whose word
Created all things, o'er this land
Had primal paradise restored.

Can man such loveliness behold,
So wondrous fair in every part,
And not as incense give to heaven
The adoration of his heart.

O! Lake, so beautiful and bright,
How oft the Rydal Bard on thee
Hath glanced his eye's poetic light,
Till song gushed forth like torrents free.

The soft and gentle summer breeze,
As fairy-like it wanders round,
With deep-toned music midst the trees,
Gives forth his harp's entrancing sound.

Each mountain soars in richer hues,
Each rock gives forth a sound of fame,
And streams in murmurs sweet diffuse
The gentle sound of Wordsworth's name.

O could Parnassus' far famed peak,
Or Castalie's resplendent spring,
More glorious feeling in us wake
Or brighter dreams to fancy bring?

Amid a scene so rich and fair
How does my spirit long to dwell,
And quit the world, with all its care,
And bid its noisy haunts farewell.

My heart was never framed to toil
With Commerce on his crowded mart,
From his rough tasks my thoughts recoil,
But, oh! they love the poets' art.

How sweet to me the woodland glade,
The wild-flower pearled with morning dew,
The noontide sun, the evening shade,
And all that nature gives to view.

And sweet to see them pictured bright
Upon the bard's immortal page,
Enshrined in pure and heavenly light,
To charm the world from age to age.

Harp of the ancient British Bards!
Had I but skill to tune thy strings,
Entranced by thy delicious notes,
My heart would leave all meaner things.

Thy music owns a magic spell
To thrill my breast with glowing love;
Each rising throb of anguish quell
And make my pulse enraptured move!

No hoards of classic lore are mine;
Few treasures of historic truth;
No ancient themes my thoughts refine,
And past 's the sunshine of my youth.

Thus boding sadness chills my heart,
And bows my hopeless spirit down;
In vain I woo the poets' art,—
The laurel wreath I ne'er shall own!

Sonnet to Elfrida.

Immortal being, whose career of time
Hath just begun, with holy hope we bring
Thee to the Temple of our Heavenly King,
To ask his gracious blessing in the prime
Of life's fair infancy, ere earthly crime
Hath cast its stains upon thee; and whilst now
We sprinkle o'er thee, mid deep prayer and vow,
Baptismal water, emblem most sublime,
Of God's eternal sanctifying Truth:
Oh may his goodness, and restoring grace,
Renew thy spirit, and from earliest youth
Sustain thee onwards in a heavenly race
And glorious fight of faith, till thou shalt rise
By death to blissful life beyond the skies.

The Mountain Height.

Come with me, and climb the proud mountain's brow,
To view with high wonder the scene below,
Where huge hills heave like a foaming sea
By enchantment struck to tranquility.

Oh naught can depict to the mind's deep sight
The terrible view from a mountain height,
As to fancy that ocean in awful storm
Had been turned to stone, with each wave in form.

In vallies beneath, calm lakes glitter bright
With radiant gleams of silvery light,
As they sweetly lie mid fair woodland shores,
Whence the purple peak of the mountain soars.

The hollow wind moans round these lofty rocks,
Whence the waterfalls gush with echoing shocks,
As they bound from their steeps with sparkling glee
To sweep in bright streams to their parent sea.

Here slender blue bells, and the purple heath
With flowery thyme, sweet fragrance breathe;
And the rush, and the moss, and the short soft grass
Spread a verdant pathway inviting to pass.

Oh! come let us climb the wild mountain brow,
Where Solitude dwells mid the trickling flow
Of rock-channelled rills, and desolate winds,
And the strong winged eagle an eyrie finds.

Farewell to Elloughton.

This fair and sunny afternoon,
Upon the green hill's side
Reclined, beneath a shady tree,
To view the prospect wide,
In varied beauty spread beneath
Of woodland, corn-field, dell—
I would invoke the Muse to give
A poet's warm farewell!

Farewell to all the rural walks
I've ta'en with calm delight;
Farewell to landscapes richly seen
In evening's golden light;
Farewell—the deep dark woodland shade,
The meadow's flowery plain;
But yet a farewell full of hope,
The hope to meet again.

When man forsakes the crowded town,
The loud and bustling mart,
Amid the calm of rural scenes
To renovate his heart,
So peaceful, pure, and sweet around
The lovely prospect lies,
He feels as if his footsteps trod
Again in paradise.

In childhood how we love to play
Mid fields and woods and flowers,
And 'neath the sunshine wile away
Our infancy's glad hours;
And when such scenes in after years
Can purest joy impart,
It haply proves we yet retain
Like innocence of heart!

How fair is Nature's every scene,
Viewed as a work Divine,
When pious thought, and filial love,
Make each green nook a shrine;
The sunlight spreading o'er the land,
Seems smiles from Heaven above,
The gentle breeze a "still small voice"
That whispers of His Love.

And where, to waken pure delight,
Or elevate the thought,
Can fairer, brighter charms be found,
Or more with beauty fraught,
Than here, where high and breezy hills
O'er look Old Humber's wave,
And view the rich, green, wooded shores
That His broad waters lave?

Far o'er the ample plain beneath,
Lanes, corn-fields, woodlands lie,
'Till lost in distant purple hues
They mingle with the sky.
The lordly seat, the village church,
The hamlet, cot and farm,
'Mid shady trees, or open grounds,
With varied beauty charm.

O'er Humber's wide-spread flowing stream,
White, gliding sails are seen,
Illumined by the sun's bright rays,
Or 'neath some cloudy screen;
Whilst all His further shores repeat
The brighter, nearer view—
More faintly touched, more dimly seen—
Arrayed in softest blue.

Here Welton's richly wooded dale,
Or Elloughton's dark dell,
Or Brantingham's romantic vale,
Charm as by magic spell!
The song-bird's note, the bee's rich hum,
The insect's merry flight,
The wild-flowers and the fragrant pines
Must all enhance delight!

He who would choose the deep lone wood,
Or forest's tangled shade,
The mingled prospect far and wide
O'er distant lands displayed;
The rural lane, the rustic walk,
The cultivated plain,
The woodbine or the wild-rose path—
His every wish may gain.

In years long gone, I've wandered o'er
Each nook of this sweet spot,
To fill the mind with pictures fair
That memory ne'er forgot;
And now when all has been reviewed,
It glows more fresh and bright
And beauteous than in those first hours
Of innocent delight.

Farewell, then, rural Elloughton,
And each rich scene around!
Full oft on Fancy's pictured page
Will all be clearly found;
And oft these hours of pleasure pure
O'er thought will fondly reign;—
Farewell, until thy much-loved walks
My footsteps trace again!

Killiney Bay.

The sunset lights are streaming
Along Killiney Bay,
And o'er its gentle ripples
Like gems of splendour play.

Upon the distant mountains
Soft hues of purple rest;
And deeper shades of evening
The sombre vales invest.

O'er all the varied landscape
The richest beauty glows;
And light and shade are mingling
In calmness and repose.

Whilst thus sublimely roving
The mountain's lofty brow,
We hear the calm sea murmur
Amid the rocks below.

Around the thyme and heather,
Bloom fragrant, fresh and fair,
And health and joy seem floating
Upon the breezy air.

The insect's happy murmur,
The wild bird's rapid flight,
The distant vessel gliding,
All give the heart delight!

From scenes so rife with beauty,
Sweet thoughts of gladness rise
All calm and pure and peaceful,
Like dreams of paradise.

But that which adds a sweetness,
These circling joys above,
Is this our happy meeting
Of kindred—friendship—love!

This hour must gain a record
On memory's brightest page,
And live in hues most lovely
To life's remotest age.

* * * *

That scene hath swiftly faded,
That time hath passed away,
But oft is re-illumined
By fancy's kindling ray.

Whilst now in peace enjoying
An English hearth and home,
The mountain scenes of Erin
In glorious vision come;

And thoughts and fancies flutter
To prove this truth most sweet,
That friends by distance parted
Can yet in spirit meet!

Descent of the Dove.

The incident alluded to was represented to the writer, at the time of composition, as a natural one; but although its artificial character diminishes the poetry of the fact, it alters not the spirit of the poem.

Thousands on thousands throng
The City's spacious street,
With loud acclaim and raptured shout
A coming Queen to greet.

Exultant cries of joy
Ring through the sun-bright air,
And with one vast and giant-voice
A Nation's love declare.

"Queen of the brave and free!
Queen of the ocean-foam!
Welcome to this green Sister-isle,
Glad as a welcome home!"

To utter forth the joy
All human voices fail,
So Nature sends her messenger
To tell the gladsome tale.

Emblem of truth and love,
Of peace like heaven serene,
Forth flies Her timid gentle dove
To greet the glorious Queen.

Bird of the woodland shade,
And solitary calm,
What spirit high thy breast inspired
To fly without alarm,

Mid that joy-shouting crowd
In pomp and bannered pride,
To rest thy wing and nestle by
Victoria's loving side?

In Greece, the wise of old,
From flights of birds divined
The will of heaven, and deemed therein
Deep prophecies enshrined.

Bird of the olive branch,
Sweet harbinger of peace,
Heaven sent thee to the Ark to tell—
"The deluge-waters cease."

We, like the patriarch hoar,
And like those ancient seers,
Would deem thy mystic flight portends
Joy for the coming years.

Now Erin knows her Queen,
And greets with welcome smile,
And sees she bears a heart of love
For th' sons of th' Emerald Isle.

She of the wild warm heart,
Henceforth her harp will tune
To songs of peace, and lays of love,
Beneath the summer noon.

Waves, on their silver crests,
Will waft the music o'er,
Mixed with their own proud melody
To Britain's naval shore.

The Sister-Isles shall dwell
In concord yet unknown,
And shamrock wreathed with olive twine
Victoria's glorious crown!

Lines to a Butterfly.

Blithe reveller in sunny air,
How gaily moves thy happy wing,
In search of rich and dainty fare
Amid the blooming flowers of spring.

The splendid colours brightly glance,
Which form thy beautiful attire,
Like tinted clouds o'er heaven's expanse
Illumed by sunset's rosy fire.

How sprightly is thy rapid flight,
Beneath the warm and cheering ray;
Thine seems a life of pure delight,
Gay innocence and mirthful play.

I would not mar thy joyous glee!
Such happiness be ever thine!
I only wish that light and free
And buoyant were my heart as thine.

Stanzas.

Oh! where is the rose which was placed on thy bosom?
Is it withered and strewn, and the giver forgot?
Fond hope would now tell me—ah am I too sanguine—
That brighter and fairer was its destined lot.

It was a mere trifle, yet given with feeling,
When suddenly fated in sorrow to part:
And gifts are not valued by trade's sordid dealing,
But esteem'd the more rich as they flow from the heart.

If this be their standard, that rose was a treasure!
Yet how great its value I'll not now reveal,
But muse in calm silence, with sweet hopeful pleasure,
On her who did it in her bosom conceal.

Dane's Dyke, Flambro'.

How sweet in this secluded vale
On soft green turf to calmly lie,
And spend an hour in musing well,
Whilst gazing on the sun-bright sky.

The busy world seems all shut out
By circling hills on every side,
So lofty, that you scarce can hear,
O'er their proud tops, the breaking tide.

Here solitude and silence reign,
Enhanced—not lost—by rural sounds;
Wild, varied, woodland scenes prevail
Within this deep glen's winding bounds.

The rude furze clothes each rugged steep,
And trees adorn each upland swell;
Whilst in the warm and sheltered nooks,
A thousand wild-flowers sweetly dwell.

The ash tree waves its feath'ry boughs
Obedient to the light, soft breeze;
And on the sense delightful falls
The song of birds—the hum of bees.

Whilst 'mid this peaceful landscape laid,
So free from strife, and thoughts of pain;
It seems as if the pastoral days
Of ancient times had come again.

Those days of happiness and calm,
Ere war was known, or gold was found,
When shepherds sung their dulcet lays,
With flocks of lambkins feeding round.

What pure refreshment does it give,
To leave awhile life's bustling stage;
And here to please and soothe the soul
As calm as in a hermitage.

But why on such a scene as this
Bestow, as if in mockery vain,
The name—allied to blood and war—
Of th' ancient and piratic Dane?

Perhaps 'tis well! as thought returns,
Back to that time of feud and war;
The contrast makes us prize this age,
Ruled o'er by Peace's brightest star!

A Sea-Side Wish.

The sun shines clear on the sea,
All calm beneath his ray;
And the tiny waves, with musical sound,
O'er the winding sand-beach ripple around,
And with the shingle play.

Oh! that I a mermaid were,
To sport o'er the blue expanse,
To scatter around me, in joy and delight,
A wide circle of foam-drops, sparkling bright,
And mid the free waters dance.

I'd o'er the smooth surface glide,
Like a sea-bird through the air;
And in the cool bath of the briny wave
Each languishing limb for refreshment lave,
And play in rich luxury there.

When the golden glow of morn,
Or the eve's soft crimson beam,
Illumined the glass of the azure deep,
Should be the sweet time my revels to keep,
And sport in the ocean's stream.

But, midst high fervours of noon,
I'd dive to the depths below,
And dwell in the cool of the rock's deep cells,
Where lurk the rich agates and pink-valved shells,
And many-hued seaweeds grow.

Oh! that I a mermaid were,
To know all the sea's delights,
And make its broad waters—its snowy foam—
And the calm of its dark green caves my home,
And see all its glorious sights!

The Sea-Bird.

Oh! how fair is the sea-bird winging
Its flight with a breast like snow,
When its form, from the high rock springing,
Is glassed in the sea below.

How it floats o'er the reefs and shallows,
And glides round the rock's rough form;
It darts through the waves' deep hollows,
Undaunted amid the storm.

Oh, blithe bird of the mighty ocean,
Would I had a breast like thine;
As free from each passion's commotion,
As calm when life's pleasures shine.

No deep waves of sorrow should daunt me,
No winds of adversity chill;
And if dark clouds of care should haunt me,
My soul would be placid and still.

If all life should be fair and shining,
How calm would my spirit be;
Like thy pathway in brightness soaring,
Alone o'er the sunlit sea.

Oh, bird of the ocean how lovely
Thy pure and delicate form!
Either floating in splendour above me,
Or piercing through cloud and storm.

The Voice of the Sea.

I hear the deep voice of the sea,
As slowly it breaks on the shore,
With the self-same tone
To my childhood known—
Its music for evermore!

How sublimely its accents fall
And pierce each recess of the soul,
Recalling the past
With a trumpet's blast,
And a might beyond control!

It tells of the gay infant hours
When I play'd on the sun-lit sand,
Whilst each shell and stone
Was a wealth unknown,
And the beach a fairy-land.

It speaks of the wild boyish days
When I roam'd to the rocks afar,
Where the black sea-weed
Cracks loud to the tread,
And shell-fish in thousand are.

All times on my spirit come back
When I've dwelt by thy shore, O sea;
Each friend I have known,
Each look and each tone,
Now cruelly reft from me.

Thy voice is the voice of a dirge,
And mournfully sighs for the dead;
Sound on, then, thy knell,
Like a funeral bell,
For the loved who from earth have fled.

Yet Hope seems to sweeten the sound,
Bright Faith, and her sister Love;
For whilst on thy brink,
I cheerfully think,
Of the calm blue heavens above!

The Fisherman.

The fisherman's life is a mighty war,—
He fights the winds and waves;
And on the broad plain of ocean afar
The hostile tempest braves.

When the sun shines clear, and the clouds float bright,
He hoists his ruddy sail,
And away he goes under breezes light
From home with a joyous—hail!

He baits his long lines and prepares his nets,
To take the finny prey;
And sings at his work until he gets
Far off in the open sea.

Now the land is gone, and no sights are near,
But calm blue skies above,
And ocean below him as bright and clear,
Yet green as a summer grove.

Mid the emerald depths he strives to snare
The swift free fish of the sea;
And when he has won of the spoils a share
He homeward plies his way.

Now the sun sinks down with a fierce red glare,
And dark clouds crowd his path,
To bid the fisherman bold beware
O' th' coming tempest's wrath.

The night grows dark, and the winds roar high,
The wild waves proudly swell;
But mid the dread gloom, no star in the sky,
The mariner's path to tell!

Each billow comes on like a mountain rock
To crush his fragile bark,
And cast him far down with an awful shock
To a grave in the waters dark.

His courage is high, but his heart will think
Of all in his happy home,
How in tears they'll rush to the cliff's steep brink
And watch if his boat may come.

His home is where widows and orphans dwell,
Whose kin were lost in the sea;
And oft to each other they weeping tell
Of the loved they no more shall see.

But bright morning comes, and the wild wind veers,
The huge waves die away,
And mid the lost rage of the surf he steers
Right home through the well-known bay.

Go thou forth, then, fisherman bold, go forth
A thousand times again;
And loaded with spoils, to fond hearts return
In joy o'er the peaceful main.

The Head-Land.

From this proud noble head-land
How grand to look below,
Where far beneath the sea-birds soar,
And ocean-waters flow.

The rock-reefs clad with sea-weed,
The bright green pools between,
And strange wild chasms in rent cliffs, form
A soul exalting scene.

Dark blue the distant ocean,
Unites with circling sky,
So softly that their bounds sublime
Elude the piercing eye.

What a mighty plain extended,
How fearful, awful, vast,
Whilst sleeping, calm—then what in storm,
When ploughed up by the blast?

There float light skiffs, whose beauty
Swift from the sight is gone;
And there gigantic merchant-ships
In majesty move on.

Ten thousand hearts are sailing
Along yon azure deep;
Yet from their native land afar,
Sweet thoughts of home they keep.

Ah, how sublime is ocean!
For bounds extending wide;
But more so as a stage whereon
The human heart is tried.

There hope and fear are nurtured,
Love to love will oft reply;
And th' fierce might of despair is heard
In the sailor's drowning cry.

Whilst thus on ocean gazing,
What thoughts our spirits throng;
Too deep for tears, too deep for words,
Too deep for poet's song.

The proud high capes and head-lands,
Wide views far o'er the sea,
Seem scarce as things of time and earth,
But of eternity!

The Storm-King.

When ocean is calm and the air's soft balm,
O'er the glassy surface sweeps;
Far in his deep cave, by the salt sea wave,
The Storm-king soundly sleeps.

The winds at his call will rise or will fall,
Each wave is beneath his sway;
The gloom of his frown brings the black clouds down,
And turns into night the day.

When his dream is o'er, by the rock-reef shore,
In anger he rushes forth,
And calls each dread wave from its secret cave,
And beckons fierce blasts from the north.

Then proudly he rides o'er the boiling tides,
As they eddy around the rocks;
Whilst their awful roar on the wreck-strewn shore,
The hollow-voiced thunder mocks.

When ocean and cloud like a woven shroud,
Are all mingled into one,
Amidst the dense spray he pursues his way,
And hurries triumphant on.

The terrible form of the king of storm,
Few mortal eyes have seen;
Or his fierce glance cast where the lightning's blast,
Hath shivered the rocks in twain.

If you would behold the vision unrolled
Of the Storm-king on his way;
Then hie to yon steep that o'erlooks the deep,
Where the weed-strewn sea-caves lay.

When winds have the tone of a dull low moan,
Foretelling a coming blast;
'Tis a sign that he, from his sleep is free,
And gathers his armies fast.

When ocean roars loud, and the sky 's one cloud,
From his dark cave issues he;
And if you watch well, where waves highest swell,
Perchance his dread look you may see.

Farewell to the Sea.

Farewell! bright ocean, to thy winding shore,
But not, my spirit trusts, for evermore;
Thy power is on me, and 't would be deep pain,
Never to view thy glorious scenes again;
Yet till that hour in gladness comes to me
Full oft with pleasure shall I muse on thee,
And in clear vision see thy form displayed
In all its light and loveliness arrayed.
Oft will the music of thy choral waves
Upon the sand-beach, or in fretted caves,
Fall with its mighty harmonies full, clear,
Distinct and tuneful on the inward ear,
Recalling brightly to the mind's rapt sight
Waves, cliffs, rocks, head-lands, all in beauty bright.—
I see the splendour of the morning's ray
Illume the burnished mirror of the bay,
Whilst o'er its smooth and polished surface glide
Unnumbered sails in triumph and in pride,

Some dim in cloudy shade, some pure in light,
Whilst some, far distant, scarcely win the sight.
And now the glory of the noonday sun
Makes each wave silver that it shines upon;
Keen, vivid radiance pouring from the sky
Flashes around, too piercing for the eye!
But evening's beams of ever-varied hue
Spread o'er the ocean and enhance its blue;
Soft, pearly tints, bright saffron, richest rose,
Their lovely rainbow radiance disclose,
Reflected on the deep so sweet, so fair,
That the charmed eye could gaze forever there.
Around soft stillness and mute calmness reign
Along the ocean's clear and polished plain;
No vagrant zephyr's gentle voice is heard,
No shout of sailor, and no wing of bird,
The gentle ripples chiming on the beach
The sole sweet music that the ear can reach!
Some image Peace amid the woodland grove,
Some in soft vales where simple rustics rove;
But to behold her calmest reign, give me
A gorgeous twilight by the waveless sea!
Rocks, reefs, bold head-lands on my memory gleam,
The sea-bird soaring in the sun's bright beam,—
The dense clouds casting darker shades below,—
The waves beginning with white crests to flow,
Till lashed to fury in wild rage they roar,
And strew light foam along the sounding shore.

If thus, great ocean, memory can recall
Thy varied scenes, and gaze upon them all
As in thy presence, need there be regret
At parting from thee? Though it may be sweet
In fancy's pictures to behold thee clear,
Yet the true lover would be ever near
The mistress of his choice;—and so would I
Full oft behold thee with delighted eye;
And in this farewell to thy much-prized shore
Hope would plead softly "not for evermore!"

Lines to the Sun.

Bright regent of ether,
Great monarch of day,
Whose sceptre of splendour
Drives darkness away;

Thou art the restorer
Of life on the earth,
And givest its beauty
Renewal of birth.

From soft dewy slumber,
Mid darkness and night,
Each flower opes its eyelid
To gaze on thy light.

The dew-drops of morning,
Which spangle the vale,
To honour thy coming
As incense exhale.

Gay birds of the woodland
Aroused by thy ray,
To musical breezes
Attune the sweet lay.

The trees of the forest
Rejoice in thy beams,
That glance like bright silver
Along the clear streams.

How splendid all nature
Beneath thy glad reign,
In light and in glory,
O'er land and o'er main.

E'en man, the earth's ruler,
Awaits thy command ;
His fetters of slumber
Are broke by thy hand.

From sleep he ariseth
To toil and to care,
Till evening's rich lustre
Hath vanished from air.

Yet art thou but agent,—
The servant of him
Who gave thee thy brightness,
And polished thy beam.

Thy glory is darkness;
Thy splendour but night:
To Him, thy Creator,
Who "dwelleth in light."

The Muse.

Why woo a false and fabled muse?
The breeze, the sunlight, or the shower,
Fair morning's dawn, sweet evening dews,
The noble tree or simple flower,
Can act with Inspiration's power
Poetic ardours to infuse!

The rough rock, or the mountain glen ;
Vast forests where no light is gleaming ;
Lone pathless wilds untrod by men,
Quick lightning o'er vexed ocean streaming,
Dark nights when no clear star is beaming,
Arouse the soul's sublimest strain.

Each acting on the mental frame,
That intellect which God has given,
Enkindle poesy's bright flame,
Whose warmth o'er thought and feeling driven
In numbers flows ; *thus* drawn from heaven
Are thoughts that gain the poet's fame !

Song—Young Spring.

Young Spring he was a rosy boy,
And loved light skies and breezes ;
Sweet, calm and tranquil in his joy,
Like one whom each thing pleases.
He danced amid the hawthorn shade,
Before it burst to blossom,
And scattered yellow wild-flowers round
Just where he liked to toss 'em.
Young Spring, Young Spring, Young Spring !
You are a merry creature,
And when you smile, it makes us smile,
Yea—smile in every feature !

Our poets, in the times of old,
O'er-loaded him with praises,
As if his path all glory were,
Midst bright fields rich in daisies.
But now he seems to walk on clouds
With heavy plunging paces,
And squirts, as from a watering-pot,
Rain-drizzle in our faces.
Young Spring, Young Spring, Young Spring!
You're grown a freakish fellow,
For now you smile, and now you weep,—
John!—bring me my umbrella.

'Tis said, in ancient days he dwelt
In bowers of blooming roses,
Whilst nigh him, on the fragrant turf,
Warm Zephyr's wing reposes;
But now he can blow hot and cold,
Just like the fabled satyr,
And chill your blood, and cramp your bones,
And make your old teeth chatter.
Young Spring, Young Spring, Young Spring!
You are a precious turncoat,
For you were warm, but now you're cold,—
George!—get me out my greatcoat!

If that his olden days were fair,
And full of glowing sunshine,
His temper, then, has altered much,
Or all such talk was—moonshine.
For now his humours often breed
A most unseemly weather,
Where rain and hail and frost and snow
Come mingled up together.
Young Spring, Young Spring, Young Spring!
Old Winter you impannel,
And play at romps with frost and snow,—
Jane!—air my under-flannel!

Autumn.

In this glad season, when the ripened corn
All golden-hued along the landscape gleams,
And fruits, as poured from Plenty's flowing horn,
Blush red and purple in the sun's bright beams.
Incense of gratitude it well beseems
Frail man to offer with devotion high,
From his heart as an altar, whilst there teems
Such glad abundance round him, and the sky
Glows with a glorious light to prove heaven's goodness nigh.

Oh, that such goodness we regarded more!
And, winged with gratitude, our thoughts aloft
Like morning skylarks, would rejoicing soar
To pay their glad and cheerful tribute oft.
Ah! sweet is grateful love, and calm and soft
Its soothing influence upon the mind,
Making it purer, as the breezes waft
Life to the flowers! Then on thy spirit bind
The thought of heaven's rich love, beneficent and kind!

The hopeful promise of the early spring
Is now fulfilled; the summer's rosy flower
Transmuted into fruit; and corn-fields bring
The full redundance of their golden store,
To glad the heart of man. His labour o'er,
Well may he lift a deeply thankful voice,
And ere the closing of the year grown hoar,
Make hospitality's free rites his choice—
A season of glad cheer when loving hearts rejoice.

The Reaper.

The reaper now plies his sturdy arm,
'Mid the heat of the noon-day sun;
And early and late in the sweat of his brow,
He works till his task be done.

The sun scarce peeps o'er the distant trees,
Ere he labours along the fields ;
And the silvery beams of the harvest moon,
Shine sweet as the sheaves he builds.

'Mid cloud and dew of the early spring,
In good hope he buried the grain ;
And soon in green blades with the soft summer breeze
It wavered along the plain.

The bright warm close of the golden year,
Made his ample reward complete ;
As it swell'd out each grain and made ripe each ear,
And all for the sickle meet.

Happy art thou in thy fruitful work,
O reaper of rich teeming fields ;
For the bright hope we sow in this mortal life,
Full often no harvest yields.

The blasts of sorrow, the clouds of care,
Disappointment's terrible blight,
Destroy many sweet pleasures we hoped to rear,
And leave but winter and night.

Yet unto man in this vale of tears,
A holier hope is given ;
If he scatter around him good seed on earth,
His harvest he'll reap in heaven.

The Widow.

She wanders round the old church walls,
And by the grassy graves,
As if some scanty solace thence
Her mourning spirit craves.

When death, the cherished and the loved,
Hath severed from the heart,
To view the tombs where they were laid
Can sad relief impart.

Such loss is hers—but in that ground
Her loved ones do not lie;
Yet often there she wanders lone,
And strange graves hovers nigh.

Once she a husband kind possessed,
And two sons stout and brave;
But midst the stern November gales
The sea became their grave.

Far off from land, their fishing barks
The whelming waves flowed o'er;
At home she waited their return,
But never saw them more!

With faithful heart she's wept for them
Through many fleeting years;
Though o'er their graves she ne'er could pay
The tribute of her tears.

Now oft her slow and feeble steps
Are to that church-yard led,
Because she feels more nigh to them
Amid the silent dead!

The Blind Musician.

He touched his flute by the lone inn door,
And artless were all the sounds he drew;
But mid the notes of that simple lay
The deep delight of his soul breathed through.

The earth for him had no robes of light,
No gorgeous scenes to exalt his mind;
No bright summer clouds or sunset skies
To melt his spirit—for he was blind!

Yet cheerless and dark his soul was not,
Shut out from a lovely world around;
For music could waft his thoughts to dwell,
In a rich and joyful world of sound.

I saw on his cheek content's calm smile,
And blessed in my heart the love of heaven;
That to a being in darkness born,
Such a secret fund of joy had given.

Yet as I gazed on the landscape round
All glowing in sunshine rich and free;
There gushed from my heart, intense and strong,—
"I thank Thee, O God—I see! I see!"

Hope.

Hope, with a rich enchanting light,
Allures us gaily on;
That, when we think to grasp the prize,
Just flickers and is gone.

Its lambent flame again appears,
And we renew the chase;
But soon our smiles are turned to tears—
We're baffled in the race!

Earth's hopes are like the meteor-lights
That spread the moorland far,
But heavenly hope eternal shines
Serenely as a star.

A star which, viewed with steadfast eye,
Gives forth a purer ray,
And guiding onwards brightly glows
Refulgent as the day.

Its rich beams falling on the earth
Illume the clouds of care;
And, harbinger of lasting peace,
Imprint a rainbow there.

Lines to a Young Child.

Come hither, pretty creature,
Come hither from thy play;
'Tis in thy happy nature
To gambol all the day.

Thy cheek so fair and smiling,
Thine eye so softly blue,
Awake in me repining
To be a child like you.

Once was I young as thee, love,
And played as thou dost now;
With heart as light and joyous,
Such gladness on my brow.

I culled young flowers as gaily,
And bound them in a wreath;
But soon their hues so lovely
All withered into death.

And like that beauty fading,
Have hopes and joys decayed;
Bright visions fled for ever,
And heart-trust been betrayed.

Thus will thy young heart suffer
Amid the wrestling strife
Of grief, pain, tears and sorrow,
That wait on human life.

Yet is a sweet balm given
To sooth and to appease;
The radiant hope of heaven—
That land were sorrows cease.

Thence cheering rays of brightness
Illuminate earth's shore,
Oh! follow but their guidance
And soon thou'lt weep no more!

Ballad.

A maiden left her father's home,
Her home of early years,
With smiling cheek and brightened eye,
Though all around were tears.

They fondly wept with her to part,
Then why was she unmoved?
Oh with a calm confiding heart
She went with him she loved!

Each scene in early childhood dear,
Her sisters' love unknown,
A mother's love, a father's care—
She left them all for *One*.

Oh thou with whom she fondly went
Thus let thy love be shewn—
In gentleness and constancy
Be *all* to her in *one*.

A woman's love!—no gem on earth
From India's richest mine,
Can match its high and untold worth—
That brightest gem is thine!

Oh keep the gift, unstained and pure,
From every blemish free,
If thou ungratefully dost not
What woe should wait on thee!

Ye love-linked pair! long may ye live
And joys your dwelling bless;
A poet's heart, a heart that feels,
Would thus its wish express.

May He who clothes the lillies, guard
And guide you with his care,
And with a father's love your hearts
For brighter worlds prepare.

When life shall close, and mortal ties
Link after link are riven,
Be all your loves and joys on earth
Exchanged for those of heaven.

The Old Man's Smile.

'Twas on a bright and balmy morn
In autumn's calm decline,
I saw an old man pensive sit
Beneath an ancient pine.

The sunlight streamed upon his brow
And o'er his silver hair,
And with its bright reflective glow
Revealed the calmness there.

A smile, a soft and peaceful smile,
Played gently on his cheek;
More placid ne'er an infants' was,
More innocent or meek.

Whence could it spring, that lovely smile?
Few things are there on earth,
Mid faded joys and perished hopes,
To give such looks a birth.

Did memory hover o'er the past—
Sweet childhood's sunny hours,
Till life seemed one bright holiday
Mid woods and fields and flowers?

Or did it dream of youth again,
With joyous sports and glee,
The happy heart, the buoyant thought,
And footstep wildly free?

Perchance the bygone hours of love
Came warmly o'er the heart,
With sweet, soft thrill, their sacred joy
And pleasure to impart.

Did manhood's bold and active prime,
Ambition's gaudy prize,
Earth's tinsel joys, her pomp and state,
In vision o'er him rise?

Ah! none of these, a smile so calm,
Could o'er the features bring;
A stream of joy that glanced so bright
Burst from a purer spring.

It was a gleam of light that shone
From yonder world above,
Where round the great eternal throne
Bright angels dwell in love.

And, deep within, its sacred warmth
Aroused his happy breast,
To confident exulting hope
Full soon to reach that rest.

The Village Church.

I love the simple village church,
Though framed uncouth, or sculptured rude,
With ivy twining round its porch
Amidst a leafy solitude.

It's moss-clad stones, the verdure round,
The yew tree's shadow, dim and wan,
The wild-flowers o'er each burial mound
Seem speaking more of God than man.

Unlike the dark sepulchral vault,
In towns where corses crowded lie ;
Such quiet scenes our thoughts exalt
From death below to life on high.

The Rustic, pointing to the spot,
Says "there my father's ashes rest;"—
Whilst cherished feelings, ne'er forgot,
With sacred joy suffuse his breast.

"Oh! may I live the life he lived,
"So pious, pure, and free from pride,
"And when my spirit quits the earth
"My bones be buried by his side.

"I love this ancient village church;
"Its pathway my forefathers trod,
"When from their quiet cottage homes
"They hither came to worship God.

"In infancy they here were brought,
"And here their vows of love were sealed,
"And here their 'earthly house' was laid
"When death a higher life revealed."

Elegy.

The bright sun shines upon the grave
And fresh trees wave above,
Where late in death's cold bonds was laid
The form of her we love.

There morn and eve the dew will rest,
The wild flowers sweetly spring,
And birds in nature's soothing notes
Her requiem softly sing.

A rural quiet reigns around,
The air seems holy breath,—
A calm asylum to repose
The worn out frame in death!

And thine was worn—for sorrow came,
And grief, and pain, and care;
Such fearful ill, such suffring keen,
As few are called to bear.

The promise saith those are beloved
Who own the chastening rod;
Such is our hope, and trust, and faith,
And now thou art with GOD.

"The LORD my Shepherd," peaceful words
Thy dying lips disclose;
The LORD THY Shepherd is the joy
Thy risen spirit knows.

How oft our hopes will follow thee
To brighter realms above,
And feel our spirits linked to thine
In ties of sacred love.

Our thoughts of thee, as time rolls on,
Will grow more pure and bright,
And view thy well known earthly form
Arrayed in angel light.

May each in sorrow left behind
From sin and evil flee,
And through Redemptive love attain
That radiant world with thee.

Then shall we all again unite
To part in grief no more,
But mingle with serene delight,
On that eternal shore.

"In Memoriam."

B. B. Y. Obt. Aug., 1852.

Oh! deep is our sorrow,
Anguish and woe,
No more to behold thee,
Loved one, below;
All the rich promise
Thy sweet childhood gave,
Blighted for ever,
Cut short by the grave!

Well may we weep for thee,
Child of our love,
Thy spirit all gentle
And meek as the dove;
Well may we mourn for thee,
Child of our hopes,—
Each fond expectation
A blighted flower droops!
The dear thoughts we cherished
Of future for thee,
Like unripe fruit perished
And fall'n from the tree.
At night and in day-dreams
We hear thy sweet voice,
But at the known music
We weep—not rejoice!
We yearn to behold thee,
We call as before;
The walls of the charnel
But echo "no more!"
No more shall we see thee—
No more on this earth—
E'en we who have loved thee
Each hour since thy birth.
Oh! whence can a balm for
Our deep wounds be given?
This world cannot yield such,
It must come from heaven!

Then let us look upward
In hope and in prayer,
That we may behold thee
In bright dwellings there.
How pure the last moments
Assigned thee below,
Whilst sweet thoughts within thee
Alone seemed to flow;
And love high and holy
Glowed warm in thy breast,
To prove thee preparing
For heaven's calm rest.
God's words of rich promise
Upheld thy young heart,
And made thee in peace and
In gladness depart;
And gives full assurance,
Thy last breath on earth,
Was but passing to heaven
And death was thy birth!
By faith we behold thee
An angel of light,
All radiant with glory,
In holiness bright,
Thy sweet young voice singing
With seraphs above,
Some anthem of gladness
Some pure song of love.

For ever rejoicing
In that high abode
In Him, Thy Creator,
Redeemer and God.
This thought will shine on us
With life-giving ray,
And be our rich solace
Through time's dreary way.
Our keen sorrows softened,
Our anguish forgot,
In viewing the glory
And peace of thy lot;
And thy dear memory be
As a clear beacon given,
To win our hearts onward
To join thee in heaven.

Lines for the
Bazaar in Aid of St. James' National Schools, Hull.

Ye who love charity! approach and buy
These beauteous trifles spread before the eye;
All gifts of kindness, works of happy skill,
Where hands were aided by a cheerful will,
This work of bounty with delight to do,—
To train the young in all things good and true!

How great the object! noble is the aim,
From sin's dread snares the wretched to reclaim;
But 'tis a task more angel-like and pure,
Soft infant minds by kindness to allure,
And Sacred teachings from the Page of Truth,
To yield to God the first-fruits of their youth.
'Tis in the morning's fresh and dewy hours
That richest incense rises from the flowers;
And childhood's heart 'ere crime's dark paths were known,
The sweetest piety to God has shewn.
Then aid our cause, our useful schools support,
Where throngs of "little ones" each day resort,
By mental nurture to expand the mind,
To have each hand to industry inclined,
Each heart from scripture by Heaven's mercy taught,
Religion's ways with pleasantness are fraught;
That holy peace may dwell within each breast,
Their lives be useful, and their deaths be blest.

A Poet's Aspiration.

When silent in the grave I lie
May some fond hearts remember me;
'T would be a double death to die
To fall from life and memory!

I would not have a hero's fame,
His wreath of laurel soiled with blood,
Though shouting nations hailed my name
As age succeeding age ensued.

I would not have a poet's praise,
Though sounded loudly through the earth,
If serpent-vice lurked in my lays
Or impious thoughts attained a birth.

Ah! who can touch the poet's lyre,
And not its sounds his breast inflame,
With glowing, ardent, fond desire,
To gain the lasting meed of fame?

My hand has strayed amid its chords!
Oh could I from its strings ring forth
Some passioned lay, whose deathless words
The distant times might deem of worth!

Some feeling song to touch the heart,
To prompt to virtue—teach to live,
Religion's sweetest truths impart,
And hope beyond the grave to give.

Should this be mine—should any come
In after days to gladly strew
A votive offering on my tomb,
And pay a tribute deemed as due;

Then may they view the resting-spot
Of one, whose deeds and life have given
A hope assured his earthly lot
Was ended in the rest of heaven.

When silent in the grave I lie,
If thus fond hearts remember me,
T would be but half a death to die
To own so fair a memory. 1839

Lines
Suggested by a Review in the "Hull Packet."

I bear a hope that I may yet become
A bard not fameless—but, oh, be that fame
The meed for songs, whose melody is taught
To sweetly warble the Creator's praise,
To tell of virtue, happiness, and truth,
And seek the good of man! A laurel wreath
To me seems brighter than a crown of gold,
The diadem of monarchs; and my hand
Would rather strike the silver-chorded lyre
Than wield a kingly sceptre. From above
All power descends, all talents are derived,
And if the Great Disposer give me skill
I shall out-reach my highest fondest hope;
If he deny—my aspiration 's vain,

My harp is tuneless, and my tongue is mute.
To Thee, O God, I lift mine orison,
And would implore, with deep humility,
Thy blessing. May my labours and mine aim
Prove no abortion, but repay with fruit;
And, above all things, may thy Spirit dwell
Within my heart, form it to purity,
And sanctify it as thine own abode. 1840.

Love of the Lyre.

O! I'll be a poet! I must! I will!
To tune the Lyrical harp,
I'll earnestly strive to attain the skill,
And naught shall my purpose warp.

"Pray why would you ever a poet be,
What charm is there in his trade?"—
His soul the bright home of the Beautiful,
The Good and the True is made!

He dwells with fresh Nature, mid birds and flowers,
Fair trees and all lovely things;
In his heart is the joy of woodland bowers,
Deep dells and secluded springs.

And thus in creation he walks with God,
Beholding his wondrous ways;
And when he has long in this pathway trod,
He ventures his song of praise.

The rich earth becomes as a heaven to him,
And fair as the sky above,
For he hears the glad bird, and the light breeze sing,
Th' sweet truth that "God is love."

Oh! wonder thou not at my heart's deep choice,
Of the poet's lonely ways,
Whose task is in music, to lift his voice,
And through nature God to praise! 1852

The Christmas Bells.

The keen frost shrivells the last dead leaves,
The storm through the forest yells;
But on the wild blast soft music floats
O'er woodlands and moors and fells—
"Ting-Ting-a-Tong-Tong,
Tong-Tong-a-Ting-Ting,"
Just hark to the Christmas bells!

Gay mirth is around each social hearth,
With rapture each bosom swells,
And each soul owns the mystical power
Of this ancient music's spells—
"Ting-Ting-a-Tong-Tong," &c.

The gay dance runs through the laurell'd hall,
Where youth and fair beauty dwells;
But o'er the brisk sounds that time their steps,
A deep-toned sound excels—
"Ting-Ting-a-Tong-Tong," &c.

To th' old it recalls dim years long past,
It opens the grave's dark cells,
And whilst they muse on the loved and lost,
A tear to the eye compels—
"Ting-Ting-a-Tong-Tong," &c.

Yet breathes it still, with high hope to all,
As that sacred carol swells,
And with the voice of an angel's song
Of Goodness and Mercy tells—
"Ting-Ting-a-Tong-Tong," &c.

Christmas Carol.

Old Christmas comes on with his snow-white hair,
But a step most firm and free,
With his eye so bright, and his laugh so light,
For a jocund blade is he.
Christmas! Christmas!
Hurrah! for bonny old Christmas!
With his eye so bright,
And his laugh so light—
Hurrah! for bonny old Christmas!

He trips round the farm with a cheerful step,
And sees all the work is done.
Oh! come hither, he cries, my boys and girls,
Come into the hall for fun.
Christmas! Christmas!
Hurrah! for merry old Christmas!
With his hair so white,
And his look of delight—
Hurrah! for merry old Christmas!

He loves to peep at the family hearth,
Where parents and children join,
In their household jokes and innocent mirth,
Whilst their sparkling bright eyes shine.
Christmas! Christmas!
Hurrah! for social old Christmas!
With his rosy cheek,
And his form so sleek—
Hurrah! for social old Christmas!

He heaps up his board with plentiful cheer,
He brings out his cakes and wine,
To give a glad heart to the good old year,
And warmth in his cold decline.
Christmas! Christmas!
Hurrah! for loving old Christmas!
With his healthy hue,
And his heart so true—
Hurrah! for loving old Christmas!

He heeds not the sleet on his window pane,
Nor the storm against the door;
He sits by the fire, his hand in his purse,
And gives out gold for the poor.
Christmas! Christmas!
Hurrah! for gen'rous old Christmas!
With his purse of gold,
For the poor and old—
Hurrah! for gen'rous old Christmas!

How he loves to list to the old church bells
Ringing out their ancient tune;
Whilst he thinks on One, till his good heart swells,
Bringing earth her richest boon!
Christmas! Christmas!
We hail thee pious old Christmas!
Of the pure heart fraught,
With most sacred thought—
We hail thee pious old Christmas!

Angels Appearing to the Shepherds.

Fair and mild the stars were shining
O'er Judea's purple sky,
And the moon with silver lustre
Sweetly gleaming from on high.

Night-winds o'er the dewy verdure
An Æolian music made,
Where a band of watchful shepherds
Lay beneath a palm tree's shade.

They, on sacred themes conversing,
Peacefully beguiled the hours;
Thought on each prophetic promise,
Calmly dwelt as dew on flowers.

They were men devout and holy,
Walking wisdom's pleasant road;
Men who waited for salvation,
Firmly trusting Israel's God.

Lo, what light! Is day arising
On the mid-watch of the night?
Richest splendours now are shining
More than noonday glory bright!

In the midst, a radiant angel,
Through that fulgent grandeur springs,
And in tones of love and mercy
Sweetly to the shepherds sings—

"Fear ye not! Behold I bring you
"Tidings full of peace and joy;
"Unto you is born a Saviour,
"Who shall sin and death destroy.

"He, a babe, in David's city,
"In a manger now is laid.
"Yet he is the Lord, the Mighty;
"Christ to you salvation made."

Now the glorious band, surrounding
That bright angel, lift their voice,
Mixed with sounds from harp and trumpet,
And in anthems loud rejoice.

"Glory to our God, the Highest,
"Praise eternal sing again,
"For this message of His mercy—
"'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

Christmas Thoughts.

Behold! in yon low manger lies
A sleeping new-born child;
Whilst on its form with rapture beams
A mother's glance so mild!

Around, adoring Magi bow
To own earth's Sovereign king;
Unseen by man, bright cherub forms,
Rejoicing anthems sing.

For God hath chose his Temple there,
The form wherein to dwell,
And speak his Truth through human lips
And rout the powers of hell.

Redemption's triumph hath begun,
And God's eternal might
His Son upholds, that he shall bear
Temptation's darkest night!

Naught can the mighty conquest foil,
Nor failing bring, nor loss,—
The hosts of hell, the foes of earth,—
The passion of the cross!

A moment in the grave he lies,
Then bursts the feeble chain,
And rises to the throne of heaven
Triumphantly to reign.

Oh! God in Christ, and Christ in God,
The Father—Spirit—Son—
Thee would we own our sovereign Lord,
The Uncreated One!

Thy great and glorious work complete!
Redeem our souls from sin,
Till life in truth and goodness flows
From purity within.

Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done,
Thy grace to us be given!
Until we fall asleep on earth
To wake with Thee in heaven.

New-Year Thoughts.

This morn we enter the unknown domain,
The clouded confine of a coming year,
But vainly scan the wide-extended plain—
No objects to the sight distinct appear!

The past hath been a journey through a way
Where thorns and flowers were mingled on the road;
With now the sunny, now the stormy day,
And oft in darkness we have made abode.

What mixed events the opening year may bring,
In vain we ponder—we can never tell;
But drear as winter, or as bright as spring,
If God but bless them they will all be well!

O Thou who art a Saviour and a Guide,
Kindly protect us on the lonely way:
Supply with strength, for every want provide,
Nor from the heaven-ward pathway let us stray.

Oh may the sunshine of Thy blessing pour
On us its cheering, rich resplendent light;
And give us peace, sweet peace, whose gentle power
Can thrill the heart with filial delight.

Oh that our breasts with gratitude may glow,
And fondly rest on thy paternal love;
With steadfast hope that we this scene below
May quit to meet Thee in a world above.

That world above—that fair and happy land,
  That brightest region, most refulgent shore,
Where radiant spirits form a glorious band,
  And saints unite to never part the more.

That land where Thou hast fixed Thy shining throne,
  A realm of calmness, innocence and peace,
Where evil comes not, sin was never known,
  But joy's eternal ecstasies increase!

Birth-Day Lines.

'Tis sweet to mark our natal day,
  As year by year steals on,
And trace each pleasure passed away,
  Each hour of sorrow gone;
Yet more! to claim a higher birth
Than that which gave us life on earth.

Unnumbered joys around us spring,
  And pleasures thrill the heart,
To make the voice with gladness sing
  And happiness impart;
E'en here we own—tho' mixed with strife—
A rich inheritance of life!

But there are higher worlds afar,
And brighter scenes above,
Where thought is pure as evening's star,
And life is holy love;
Where calm, yet fervent, pleasures glow,
And rapture makes the heart o'erflow.

To gain these joys the soul must be
To higher life refined;
A life of spotless purity,
Where truth and love enshrined
Within its deep recesses dwell,
Like fragrance in the lily's bell.

We love by nature self alone,
And things of time to gain;
But if high loves to God and man
Within our spirits reign,
We may rejoice—a second birth
Has o'er us passed whilst yet on earth.

Then to each gladsome natal day
Will this rich joy be given—
Each rapid year, when passed away,
But brings us nearer heaven!
And, Blanche, this birth-day verse I twine
To wish these hopes and blessings thine!

Affliction.

Days of sorrow most distressing,
Hours of sickness, grief and pain,
Often prove the highest blessing,
And to us are richest gain;
When we feel a God of Mercy
Thus afflicts us in his love,
And from earth our thought is drawing
To His sacred rest above.

Heaven's kingdom must be in us,
Holy love possess each breast—
Truth and purity and goodness—
Would we know eternal rest;
God in kindness ever striveth
This high blessing to impart,
And by overcoming evil
Fill with gladness every heart.

Earth's vain trifles often lead us
To forget our gracious God,
Him who made us and redeemed us
And in us would make abode
By His Holy Spirit giving
Gifts of purity and peace,
Richer, larger, fairer, higher,
Till this breath of life shall cease.

Then to pass from earth as angels
To far brighter realms above,
Where all have eternal dwellings
In the sunshine of His love;
Full of gladness and rejoicing,
Full of gratitude and praise,
Still to higher life advancing
Through their never ending days.

Happy hearts that now receive Him,
And in holy worship bow,
Meek, repentant—trusting, hoping,
His salvation's joy to know!
If they live—they earth inherit,
And in purer peace will dwell.
If they die—the heavens receive them
To that bliss no tongue can tell.

Hebrew Melody.

Oh! weep for Judah's daughters,
Who sat them down to weep,
By Babel's flowing waters
With willows o'er their deep;
There hung their harps in sorrow,
Whilst for their land they sigh,
With hearts too sad to borrow
Sweet joy from melody.

"A song of Zion sing us,"
The foe insulting said,
Some sacred theme now give us
In lofty notes arrayed.
Oh how in exile can we
Such base demand fulfil?
When, Salem, we forget thee,
Each hand forget its skill!

The Starry Heavens.

What a scene to gaze on high,
O'er the grandeur of the sky,
When the night's rich purple shade
Is with thousand stars arrayed.

God their march in order guides,
Each within his power abides.
Wond'rous wisdom! can he then
Deign to mark the sons of men!

Thought infirm! for infinite
Is His providential sight,
And no things of earth and air,
Small or mean, elude His care.

What sweet comfort to each breast,
That would on his mercy rest,
Thus to know a Father's love,
Guards us as the stars above.

By Thy Spirit's grace impart
That pure, humble, contrite heart,
Loved of Thee, that we may share
All thy goodness, power, and care.

Omnipresent Power.

Oh God thine omnipresent power
'Tis beautiful to trace,
As manifested in each flower,
Or through the realms of space.

All nature's scenes, though in themselves
Most lovely, bright, and fair,
Are redolent with glorious life
When we behold Thee there!

The gentle breeze, or verdant mead;
The sunset clouds above;
The sparkling stream, the waving tree,
Then witness to thy love.

And e'en the grandeur of the storm,
Or dashing of the tide,
Their terrors lose when thou art known
Their fearful might to guide.

The starry worlds so clear and bright,
And numberless foretel,
There must be worlds of heavenly light
Where minds angelic dwell.

The pure in heart behold their God,
Oh make our spirits pure,
That both in earth and heaven we may
Behold Thee evermore.

Providence.

Lord! thy providential care
Through life's journey may we share;
Knowing, from thy throne above,
Thou regardest us with love.

Daily give us food to eat,
Peaceful homes, and raiment meet;
All our earthly wants supply
With a Father's watchful eye.

Guard by thine Almighty power
In temptation's trying hour;
And each chast'ning sorrow bless
To eternal happiness.

Sunshine and alternate rain
Make the green herbs spring amain;
May the joys or pains we know
Cause our hearts in grace to grow.

Mighty Father, Prince of Peace,
Give thy kingdom vast increase;
Make thy sons in every land
Countless as the sea-side sand.

Day by day our souls advance
To their heavenly heritance,
Till at last they calmly rest
In thy glorious presence blest.

Angelic Visits.

In ancient times bright angels
  Oft burst upon the sight,
In radiant forms, and filled the hearts
  Of men with rich delight.

Then earth was nigh to heaven,
  And man more good and pure,
And through his spirit's holy strength
  Such brightness could endure.

But now deep clouds of darkness
Shut out the realms of light,
And shroud the earth beneath the shade
Of sin's impervious night.

Oh that the veil were rended
Which hides them from our view,
That they might come in loving bands
Their visits to renew.

Are they not elder brothers
Advanced to higher spheres,
Who with bright tales of those high worlds
Could oft entrance our ears?

Then darkening doubt would vanish,
And faith would burn serene,
And man rejoice in glorious hope
Of heavenly worlds unseen.

Yea oft in holy vision
Their shores he might behold,
More fair than light, more rich than gems,
More radiant than gold.

Oh Thou with love Redemptive,
Thy mighty work complete,
And cleanse all souls, that heaven and earth,
In one pure bond may meet.

Joy in God.

Phil. c. 4, v. 4.

"Rejoice ye always in the Lord,
Rejoice again, I say rejoice!"
What words of triumph, sounds of cheer,
As sweet as from a seraph's voice!

Although temptations reign on earth,
Deep sorrows pierce, and losses pain,
Yet christians oft with holy mirth
May cheerfully rejoice again.

A heart replete with steadfast hope,
Illumed by faith serene and bright,
And warmed with holy love, will make
All earth's afflictions short and light.

As sunshine spreading o'er the land,
Makes all creation seem more fair,
So God a higher honour gains
When happy looks his people wear.

Give us, O God, bright faith and love,
That we may praise with cheerful voice,
And hastening to glad realms above,
In thee may evermore rejoice.

The Great Object of Life.

The soul was framed to trust
In God's eternal might,
His Goodness love, His truth revere,
And in His works delight.

This is the law of life,
And brings unfailing peace,
Gives praise to God, deep bliss to man,
And joys that never cease.

But man has fallen thence
And lost his primal state;
For falsehood changed the light of truth
And holy love to hate.

Truth's kingdom to restore,
From evil to redeem,
Christ came, God manifest in flesh,
And reigns in heaven supreme.

Free pardon he can give,
And by the Spirit's might,
Create the soul to love again
The good, the true, the right.

Thus "born of God" will man
A son of God become,
And through a pilgrimage on earth
Haste to a Father's home.

The Close of Life.

Whene'er this breath of life departs
And mortals find a grave,
The dust alone to earth returns,
The soul to God who gave!

Just as the eaglet leaves its shell
To seek its native sky,
The spirit quits its flesh to gain
A spirit-world on high.

The sanctified, the good and true,
The pure in heart ascend,
To dwell before the eternal throne
In joys that know no end.

The resurrection and the life,
Redeeming God, art Thou;
Oh raise our souls to love divine,
And holy life bestow;

That when our time of trial ends,
In triumph we may soar,
To join the glorious angel bands
Rejoicing evermore.

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